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ST. VALENTINE'S NIGHT.

THE POSTMAN—"Something for Miss Bridget Holihan." "Be still, my beating heart—be still!"

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 19, 1887.

FIRE-PROOF PASSENGER-CARS.

THE Woodstock Bridge tragedy on the Vermont Central Railroad, preceded as it was by some similar but minor disasters, has naturally been followed by a universal protest against the usual method of heating cars by stoves, and all sorts of suggestions have been offered for the consideration of railway managers. There are propositions for heating cars by steam from the engine, by steam or hot air from a furnace and boiler in a separate cab, or from chemical boilers attached to each car, or from separate heaters outside of the cars. Some of these are by no means new. The last plan has been tried on the Reading Railroad with imperfect success. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has said that cars could not be heated by steam from the engine, on account of the periods during which the engine is uncoupled, and that pipes filled with hot water in each car would be useless because the water would grow cold. It is said also that for mechanical reasons it would be imprudent to enlarge the engine-boilers. Nevertheless, on the Connecticut River Road the cars have been heated from the engine, so far as we know, with success. On the Boston and Albany a similar method is in use. And on the New York Elevated Railroads, to take a case under our daily observation, the cars are successfully heated by steam from the engine. It is true that the conditions here are not precisely those of express surface transit, but this may be taken, with other instances, as showing that Mr. Depew's view of the case was needlessly despondent.

Our own view is, that it is quite possible to construct fire-proof passenger, drawing-room and sleeping coaches, and that the heating-apparatus can be so made and adjusted that in any violent shake-up the fuel will be automatically discharged from the car. It is true that a sudden stoppage of the train by the brakes, or a collision or a divergence from the tracks, would be very likely to empty the heating-apparatus in occasional cases, and in the case of a broken train, the open track beneath the cars would not be a much safer place for the fuel than the displaced stoves within the cars; though usually the chances would be in favor of increased safety against fire if the entire contents of the stoves could be automatically let through the bottom of the car as soon as it leaves the track. But it is certain that the body of the car and all its interior fittings could as well be of cast iron or of steel as of wood, and could be merely polished instead of being painted, oiled and varnished, as the woodwork now is. Such a change in construction would, in view of the present low prices of iron and steel, scarcely involve any appreciable increase in the cost of building sleeping-coaches, or other cars, and such increase as it would involve would be partly compensated by the immediate increase of traffic on the lines adopting the new style of coaches, and the remainder would be more than made up in the increased durability of the coaches themselves.

This would leave no combustible materials in the cars except the bedding, which if of woolen would be very imperfectly combustible, and if arrangements were perfected for wetting it, even within a few moments after an accident, it would become rather an extinguisher of flames than a promoter of them. Polished iron and steel sleeping-coaches, with fires held in stoves opening through to the track, so that a violent shock would discharge the fuel from the car altogether, and furnished with all-wool bedding and steel-spring mattresses made to be free from combustible matter, would amount to absolutely fireproof or incombustible sleeping-coaches, and these are all that the railroads or the public ought to tolerate. Whatever line should first adopt them would attract custom enough to compel their adoption by all other lines, and passenger-coaches would then be as safe from fire as the best hotels and private residences.

Our iron manufacture during the past year has gone up from about four and a half million tons to nearly six and a half million net tons, which is not far below that of Great Britain. Let there be a general revulsion from wooden cars to iron and steel cars in the United States, beginning with the sleeping-coaches, and it would be found that our iron and steel production would expand under the stimulus even more rapidly than that of Great Britain did under the change from wood and sails to steam and steel in the construction of ocean-going ships. It is not impossible that, in the near future, iron and steel may be so cheapened by our large production, and made so attractive as materials for the construction of dwellings by artistic castings, that they may be largely substituted for wood in ordinary house architecture. To this end a beginning should be made in the adoption of fireproof-traveling-coaches everywhere.

MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE.

IT was no sudden spasm of patriotism that led the Senate to pass the Bills to encourage the manufacture of steel for modern ordnance, armor, shafting, and

other army and navy purposes, and to provide for the making of great guns at the Watervliet Arsenal and the Washington Navy Yard. Five or six years have been spent in investigations, and several reports have been made upon the subject to Congress. The Bills themselves were introduced by Senator Cameron a year ago last December, and were reported by Senator Hawley last May, so that there has been ample opportunity to consider them carefully and deliberately.

These Bills, which are in most respects alike, except that one relates to army and the other to naval ordnance, authorize the Secretaries of War and the Navy to make contracts for the supply of rough-bored, rough-turned and tempered steel, in forms suitable for heavy ordnance adapted to modern warfare, and steel finished for armor and other army and navy purposes, to the extent of 10,000 gross tons, the money to be paid only when the steel is accepted and delivered. Each contractor is to be required to erect in the United States a suitable plant for making and finishing the steel required, and agree, in the case of an ordnance contract, to deliver yearly a specified quantity of each calibre. An army gun factory at the Watervliet Arsenal and a naval one at the Washington Navy Yard are provided for, and for the purchase of the steel and the erection of the gun factories \$16,000,000 is appropriated, to be divided equally between the army and the navy. A further sum of \$5,000,000 is appropriated for the construction of fortifications and other works of coast defense, such as masonry and earthwork foundations for turrets, casements and magazines, submarine mines and galleries, etc.

This is a good beginning, and we wish we could share the sanguine expectations of some of our daily contemporaries that these Bills will become laws before the 4th of March. But, unfortunately, measures almost identical with these were killed in the House at the last session of Congress through the adoption of a colorless report from the Special Commission on Ordnance and Gunnery, of which Mr. Samuel J. Randall was chairman, and the Senate Bills have now gone to Mr. Randall's committee. If, therefore, the House of Representatives is ever allowed to reach them, Mr. Randall is certain to antagonize them with those which his committee has agreed to, and the final passage of the Bills will be placed in great jeopardy.

The plan proposed is an eminently practical one. Make a market in the United States for the sale of steel adapted for modern heavy ordnance, armor, shafting, etc., and the capital and skill necessary for its production will at once be forthcoming. This country is just entering upon a new era in the product and manufacture of iron and steel, and the enactment of these Bills into laws would not only put us in a better condition than now for national defense, but would give a stimulus to other great industries only indirectly affected by them.

THE LABOR QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

THE Labor Question in Great Britain is occupying quite as much public attention as it is on this side of the Atlantic, the only difference being that the undeveloped resources of this country create continually such a vast absorbing power as to keep the difficulty within manageable proportions; while in England the only effectual safety-valve appears to be emigration. Every great manufacturing centre presents precisely the same aspect, and the results of over-production and restricted fields of commerce meet the eye, and are as painfully obvious in Bradford and Leeds as they are in Wolverhampton and Birmingham. This condition of things is of periodic occurrence; but the present crisis appears to be of a particularly exceptional character, and has been unusually prolonged; the agricultural element, too, heretofore fairly exempt from influences which have been vitally injurious to commerce, has been the chief sufferer. That the situation is not merely deplorable, but difficult of solution, is apparent from the fact that of the members of the Royal Commission recently appointed to report on the Depression of Trade, and presided over by the late lamented Lord Idlesleigh, no two could agree completely as to the character of the remedy to be recommended. The result was that, instead of one, three separate reports were issued, each one differing from the others on very material specified points. When difficulties so insurmountable beset a number of gentlemen thoroughly qualified to sift and analyze the information which has been placed before them from so many different sources, the question of labor must indeed be a formidable one to those who have only casually studied it, or who are unsupplied with the valuable material which the Commission had in their hands.

What makes the British unemployed tradesman or mere laborer, be he agricultural or manufacturing, so utterly helpless, is the fact that when his habitual means of breadwinning has been taken from him, he has no resource but to starve. The French, Swiss or German can turn his hand to various home occupations—to the manufacture of toys and mechanical contrivances; but the Englishman possesses no such tastes or inclinations. Nor is he so well able to bear reverses of fortune as his more thrifty Continental neighbor, seeing that, as a rule, he lives up to the last stiver of his income, and seldom curtails either his pleasure or his appetite until both are irretrievably stranded.

With every nation on the Continent year by year in-

creasing their already swollen military strength, it is imperative for Great Britain, desirous as she is to keep out of the fray when it comes, to be in a state of preparedness for any emergency that may arise. This unsettled condition of affairs, as well as the constant tremendous expenditure upon war-material, tells terribly on the condition of the unemployed, and effectually bars the way to their obtaining that State help in the form of bounties afforded to struggling manufactures which some political economists have so strenuously recommended. The situation is an exceedingly grave one, though possibly not more so than other countries are experiencing at the present moment. As far as Great Britain is concerned, however, a sanguinary European war, upon which she could look without being drawn into the vortex of strife, would soon set the Labor Question completely at rest.

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

AMONG the charitable societies of New York, scarcely any one is more useful or better entitled to public confidence and support than that for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, whose Twelfth Annual Report is before us. The number of children in this city who, through the poverty, neglect, immorality, intemperance or positive cruelty of their parents, are annually led into criminal or vicious ways, or exposed to be so led, is very great; and as we study the records of the Society, and observe the numerous cases in which its interference is called for and has been found available, we wonder that, instead of being one of the newest of our charities, it is not one of the oldest, for surely there has not been a time within the century when it was not imperatively needed. That the duty of protecting even animals from the cruelty of their owners was seen and felt while as yet the needs of poor and unfortunate children were unacknowledged is indeed surprising, and only to be accounted for by a degree of carelessness far from creditable to our humanity.

Though long delayed, however, this charity has now a firm hold on the sympathy and confidence of the public. Its necessity is universally acknowledged, its methods are approved, its results satisfactory. The extent of its labors may be judged by the fact that, since its organization, it has received and investigated 27,145 complaints, involving the care and custody of 81,435 children; that it has prosecuted 9,382 cases of cruelty or neglect, secured 8,996 convictions, and rescued and relieved 16,372 children, who, but for its timely interference, must have endured great physical suffering and grown up under the most degrading influences. During the year 1886, 5,684 complaints were received and investigated, and 3,150 children rescued and relieved. During the same time, 2,228 cases have been investigated at the request of the Police Justices. Again, during the same time, 1,199 cases of children improperly thrown upon the public for support have been discovered, thus saving to the city and county the sum of \$124,696, while the sum of \$9,375 has been collected from parents for the support of their children committed to the care of various institutions. Moreover, during the past year the reception-rooms of the Society have sheltered, clothed and fed 805 children. Since the rooms were opened six years ago, 3,549 children have been thus cared for. The Report presents details of more than fifty of the cases of cruelty that occurred in 1886. Some of these are pictorially illustrated, exhibiting the bruises received by children from drunken or savage parents, and showing the effect upon them of the Society's care. Some of these stories are most revolting in the amount and kind of cruelty they reveal.

The disposition made of rescued children during the past year is indicated by such statistics as these: To American Female Guardian Society, 125; Charity Hospital and Children's Nursery, 208; Institution of Mercy, 115; Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, 300; Catholic Protectors, 705; Sisters of St. Francis, 118; Juvenile Asylum, 293; St. Joseph's Asylum, 182; Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, 120; Hebrew Shelter, 134. Smaller numbers were confided to various other institutions. It may be safely assumed that by far the larger portion of the children thus disposed of will be trained in ways of virtue and usefulness, instead of being left to swell the ranks of the criminal class.

One feature of the Society deserves to be distinctly mentioned, viz.: that it provides for training the children who come under its care in the religious faith of their parents. In this way the rock of sectarianism is successfully avoided, while the mighty forces of religion are employed as a means of reform. In this way, too, is secured the hearty co-operation of people of every sect in promoting the work of the Society.

A CHECK ON IMMIGRATION.

IN some part of the West, notably in Wisconsin, there is a movement to do away with what is called the premium on immigration now offered by every State of the Union. Foreigners settling in the country are put upon probation before being allowed to exercise the right of voting; and this period of probation, it is said, is too brief to afford any assurance to society that the new citizen has taken the pains to become acquainted with his duties and impressed with a sense of his responsibilities. It is proposed in Wisconsin to require a residence of five years before the new-comer shall be allowed to vote. This is

the term which is prescribed by the present Federal law. The Wisconsin State Labor Commissioner made inquiry by circular letter, some time ago, as to the feeling of the people with regard to the restriction of immigration. He received 484 answers. Sixty-three persons were opposed to restriction, 351 favored a modified form of it, and seventy were for prohibiting immigration. This result seems to the Commissioner and to some other persons to be a highly significant one, the rather that many of those who were in favor of checking the influx of foreigners were themselves foreign-born.

The population of the State of Wisconsin in 1880 was about 1,300,000; of these, 900,000 were natives and 400,000 foreigners. There should have been in such a population 1 in 20, at the very least, with an opinion to express on a question so serious as the one put by the Labor Commissioner; but it is to please something less than 1 in 140 that the reformers of Wisconsin propose to change the law of the State. It is less than ten years ago that the people of California voted at a general election on the question whether Chinese immigration should or should not be prohibited. There were but 800 votes in favor of the Chinese—a practically unanimous decision against them—and those who care to look over the files of the Eastern papers of that time will be struck and entertained by the universal denunciation of the Californians as unworthy Americans. Without fighting over again the old battle, it is enough to say that the people of California had their excuse; the Chinese do not become citizens.

If Wisconsin obeys her oligarchy of 421, what excuse has she to offer? None whatever. So far as these 421 represent anything, they represent a combination of native and of foreign selfishness and insolence and narrow-mindedness. Whether born in New England, or in Germany, or in Scandinavia, these men, having climbed to a certain height of prosperity, propose to kick down the ladder, that no one else may use it. This is the plain English of their talk. They try, cunningly enough, to bewilder honest folk by charging our easy immigration laws with the responsibility for the Anarchist murders in Chicago, and the half-silly, half-devilish chatter of Most. The immigration laws have no more to do with the matter than the tariff; perhaps not quite as much. These lunatics and murderers come to America, not because Wisconsin allows them to vote in two years, and another State in six months, but because they are told that they can say and write and print what they please. What does the vote of Most or Spies signify? It is the talk and the writing of these men that mislead and inflame the ignorant and the unhappy, as well as the vicious and the depraved; and if the chosen few, who are to save Wisconsin and the rest of mankind, are equal to the great argument of their high mission, they will turn aside from such poor things as votes, and call on the American people, which lives only because it is free, to suppress free speech and the free Press.

Americans are invited, by more than one influential journal, to accept in a matter of grave public policy the guidance of a few foreign-born and native citizens of one State. They are told by these foreigners that the foreign element is dangerous to the Union; and this is the very moment to remember the foul bird that defiles its own nest.

THE ABYSSINIAN WAR.

THAT 5,000 Abyssinian warriors have been slain in the combat with the Italians near Massowah, as claimed in recent dispatches, is undoubtedly a preposterous estimate of the defeated invaders, for such a wholesale slaughter is impossible from the very nature of the topography of the country lying inland from the sea. It is, moreover, probable that the Italians have been summarily, finally and disastrously beaten by the brave Abyssinian mountaineers, as many other predatory expeditions against that Switzerland of Africa have been in the centuries gone by.

For ages this still primitive country, peopled by about 12,000,000 of souls, has been assailed by many Powers seeking to establish a naval depot on the west coast of the Red Sea and obtain dominion over the riches of the mountain fastnesses, first revealed by one of the greatest of African travelers at the end of the last century—Bruce, the discoverer of the sources of the Blue Nile. The attempt to gain a foothold in the later centuries was by the familiar method of cunning emissaries, whose artful devices besprinkle the history of all the conquering nations—the Dutch, the Spanish, the Portuguese and the English; and it was the intrigues of such political agents that in fact and in fine precipitated Napier's English expedition of just twenty years ago, when the English commander achieved his bloodless victory of Magdala. But the campaign had one good and lasting result for the African Continent, for it discovered Stanley. After the peace and the death of King Theodore, King John came to the throne, and a very good King of Amhara he has been, too.

The English expedition let in a vast flood of light on the resources of the country, on the high character of its inhabitants, and on the splendid possibilities following the introduction of Western civilization. Soon after (1871-2), the present exiled Khédive of Egypt cast longing eyes in that direction, particularly as his treasury was a practical void, and he sent an expedition to capture the country, and intrusted its command to Munzinger Bey, a Swiss, familiar with the country and a pretended friend of the Abyssinians. The details were conducted with the greatest secrecy, and the country came within an ace of passing under the Egyptian flag. But just at the moment when success was ripe, Alvan S. Southworth, a New York journalist, who had been traveling in the Sudan, happened on the scene at Massowah, and immediately dispatched a messenger to Suez, and in a few days the intelligence was made known in every European capital, and the bold scheme was frustrated.

This menace decided King John to appeal to the Christian Powers, and through an envoy he commissioned Mr. Southworth to make known his grievances, together with the exact condition of

Abyssinia, to the different sovereigns of Europe. This was done, and England had an excellent opportunity to get a flanking port on the Red Sea on the route to India, but Earl Granville was too indolent to seriously consider British interests, and there was not actually a man in the English Foreign Office who had the faintest idea of the country itself. But the Germans listened, and soon afterwards a German colony was established below Massowah.

These events sharpened the appetite of the fast declining Khédive, and he sent the costly and splendidly equipped expedition, principally led by the late American, General Loring; but the Egyptian battalions ingloriously fled, for the Abyssinians as mountain warriors could not then, as they cannot now, be defeated, save by the very finest of mounted soldiery. Then came attempts from the Sudan to invade the country, and finally the Italian expedition, under the cloak of co-operating with the English, but really to achieve a long-dreamed-of ambition to seize the country for its coal, its mineral abundance, and to add a new diadem to the Crown of the House of Savoy.

How this last experiment has failed the dispatches tell; but it is to the credit of that astute ruler, King John, now in the twenty-first year of his reign, and the fiftieth year of his age, that he exhibits in his past triumph what he has always shown—a desire alone to preserve the integrity of his territory and the rights of his people. And who shall say he is not right?

GENERAL CASSIUS M. CLAY, whose checkered political career is so well known, offers himself, though now nearly an octogenarian, as the Republican candidate for Governor of Kentucky. The State Convention is not to be held before May, but the veteran general, taking time by the forelock, announces that he will make fifty-seven speeches in as many counties before that time, in which he will tell the people why he claims their support. He makes his appeal especially to farmers, claiming to be of their class, and the natural champion of their interests. He would certainly be an interesting figure in the Governor's chair.

THE high theatre-hat of prevailing feminine fashion has been done almost to death in newspaper paragraphs, cartoons, and even in sermons. The provocation undoubtedly justifies the protest; but meanwhile the *entr'acte* nuisance goes unrebuked. The man who persistently clambers over whole rows of people to go out each time the curtain falls, and sometimes before, and then clambers back again after the next act is on, deserves the very worst from the journalistic censors; but he rarely gets it. Can it be because the scribes, who are not invariably furnished with aisle seats, notoriously set a bad example between the acts?

PRINCE BISMARCK seems likely to carry his point in the German elections to be held during the present week. The intervention of the Pope in his behalf will greatly modify the opposition of the Centre party to the Septennate Bill, and this tendency will be strengthened by the determination of the Government to postpone the introduction of the Bill for the revision of the May Laws until after the Reichstag elections. Meanwhile, the war dodge having accomplished its purpose, Bismarck no longer indulges in daily menaces of the peace of Europe, and it begins to look as if a conflict may be avoided, especially as France persists in refusing to be drawn into an aggressive policy. At the same time, all the Powers are arming silently, and the struggle, when it comes, will be indeed a war of giants.

THE war against the saloon is just now being prosecuted in this State with encouraging vigor. A larger number of the moral, law-abiding citizens of New York are actively interested in the passage of the Crosby High License Bill now before the Legislature than in any previous measure for the restriction of the sale of liquor that has been proposed for years. A significant straw showing the present direction of the wind on the subject was the remark of ex-Assemblyman Oliver, who appeared before the committee the other day as counsel for the New York hotel-keepers to oppose the Bill, when he replied to Dr. Crosby's question whether there was anything to prevent the Board of Excise from rescinding their vote to increase license fees in this city: "Yes, there is—political damnation!" It is to be hoped that the members of the Legislature will realize that political damnation awaits those who oppose any reasonable and practical measure to reduce the number of saloons and lessen the evils of intemperance.

WE are glad to record a tardy and not over-generous act of bare justice on the part of Congress. The House has passed a Bill to appropriate \$147,500 to indemnify the Chinese sufferers by the Rock Spring riots. This sum represents merely the property destroyed, and allows no compensation for the twenty-eight men murdered, the fifteen wounded, or the seven hundred hunted into the wilderness. At the time of the war between China and England, the former nation paid the United States \$31,600 because one American citizen was mistaken for an Englishman and imprisoned for a day. Since the Rock Spring massacre an American Methodist mission was destroyed during a riot in Ching-King, and the Chinese Government has already paid \$25,000 as an indemnity. Another Bill for missionary property destroyed in Shanghai has been paid since this discussion began in Congress. On the other hand, we have haggled until fairly shamed into this act of atonement. The heathens have set the Christians an example. Hon. W. W. Phelps bitterly said, in discussing the Bill in the House, he had no heart to refer to international obligations, nor to our special treaty, but rested the case simply on moral obligations. It was time that these obligations should be recognized.

At a recent meeting of the Women's Conference, which represents committees from the State Charities Aid Association and the Charity Organization Society, the subject of the dependent children of New York received especial consideration. Of these, according to Mrs. Lowell, there are over 19,000. "Many parents who are able to maintain their children send them to institutions, and the *per capita* allowance of \$2 per week paid by the city to such institutions undoubtedly causes a great number of these enterprises to be started as a speculation." It has been shown that our present system tends to create a proletariat, to encourage a multitude of dependents. A year ago 1,231 children were supported in Kings County at a cost of \$15,830, while in New York, with a population only twice as great, 14,234 children were supported at an expense of \$1,435,279. Moreover a large proportion of the institutions which receive public money are not open to the supervision of public officials. At the will of private managers children may or may not be received, and if taken may be kept until of full age. Without enlarging upon these points, it is evident that this system is open to serious criticism on account of the opportunities for irresponsible and speculative action, and also from the demoralizing influence upon the poor and the cost to the community. Another point made in Mrs. Lowell's recent address should receive serious

consideration. She says: "Home life and training are the only proper kind for children, and those who are now in institutions should be taken out and distributed in homes through the country. The charge of dependent children should be separated from that of other charities, and given to one official directly responsible and able to exercise a constant supervision." A well-known oculist opposed the system of institutions on account of the prevalence of eye troubles, and danger of other diseases. An agent of the Children's Aid Society reported the most favorable results from children placed in homes as compared with those in institutions. The home plan certainly seems preferable. The motive of the institution plan is good, but it has resulted in many abuses, and it seems to us that the placing of children in well-selected homes would inure to their moral and physical welfare, and lessen the conditions which are now producing a dangerous mass of pauperism.

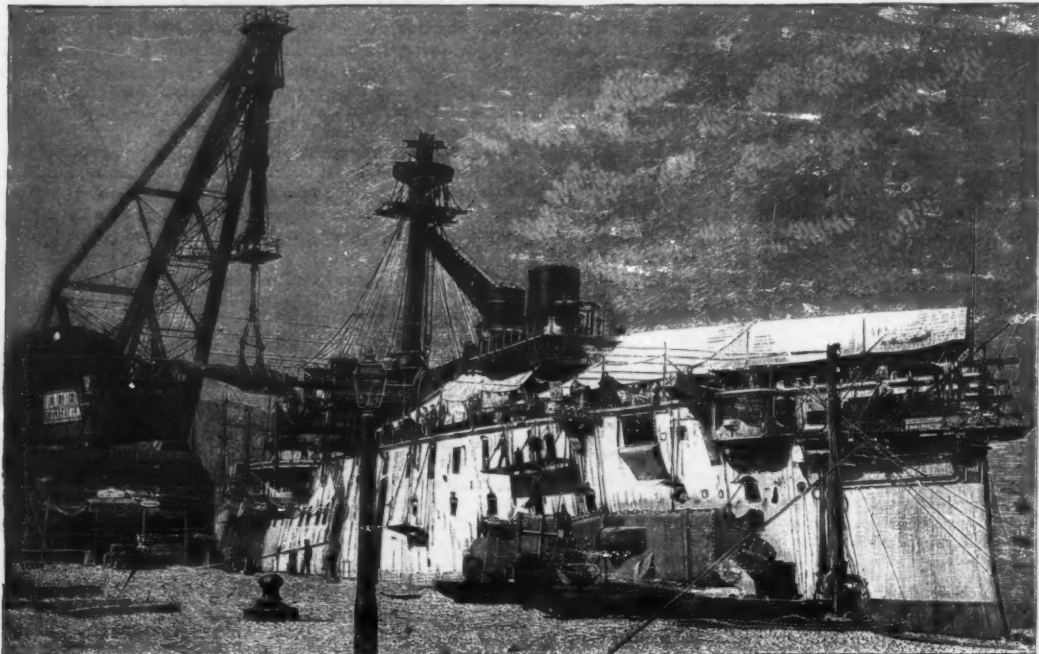
STATISTICS gathered by *Bradstreet's* show the number of men who have been on strike since January 1st to have been nearly 90,000, of whom 40,000 have been in New York and vicinity alone. More than 90 strikes, involving 73,000 employees, began in January, of which 32 have ended, 22 of them, involving 3,300 men, having been successful, and 10, in which 5,700 men took part, having failed. About 60 strikes, therefore, involving 64,000 men, still remained unsettled at the time these statistics were prepared, and the number has since been increased. It is impossible to estimate the losses involved in these struggles between labor and capital. The wages of the idle men are but a small part of the losses; but if those are placed at the low rate of \$1.50 per day, the sum has reached, on the 15th of this month, the enormous figure of five and a quarter million dollars. Not more than one-fourth of all the strikes are successful. Three-fourths, therefore, of the loss by idleness while they continue is never recovered. The average increase of wages obtained in successful strikes is not over 10 per cent. The man, then, who is on strike a month and wins at the end of it, must work ten months at the advanced pay before he reaps a dollar benefit from his victory. Truly, a strike is a terribly expensive method of settling a labor controversy.

It has been frequently said that the vague and aimless nature of the complaints made by the Socialist theorists is such that if given a white sheet of paper on which to formulate their demands, they could not state them; and if their General Master Workman were endowed with the power of a Czar, he could not enact them. To say that there ought to be no rich and no poor, for instance, becomes ridiculous when it is enacted into a law declaring that "both riches and poverty are hereby abolished." The proper answer to every labor reformer therefore is, "Draft your Bill." Mr. T. B. Wakeman, a practicing New York attorney, more or less affiliated with the labor agitation, has, on this hint, drafted a Bill to be presented to the Legislature. It does not touch the land question, the rent question or the rights of capital. It virtually amounts to a scheme giving to the attorney to whom a claim is submitted for collection or settlement, and the attorney who appears for the defendant, a power to act as arbitrators, and with the aid of such third person as they, or the court, may appoint, to report on the claim, first a plan of conciliation, and if that is not adopted, then a basis for a judgment, on which any court of record shall enter judgment as it now does on a referee's report. Instead of being an Act to quiet the labor agitation, it would be, if passed, an Act to enhance the powers of attorneys at law in a degree that would make necessary a very great increase in the safeguards required to exclude unworthy persons from admission into the profession.

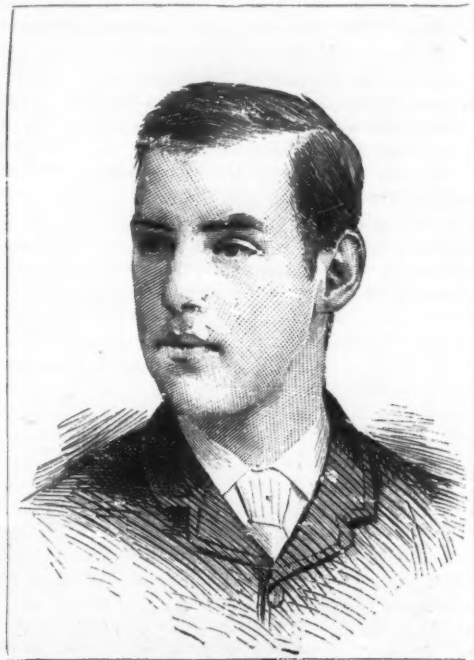
NOTWITHSTANDING there is a law to prevent the engagement of laborers in foreign countries and their subsequent deportation in gangs to the United States to take the places of strikers, or to work at cheap rates of wages, this method of obtaining laborers is still carried on more or less generally. With a view of increasing the efficiency of the law, a Bill amending it has just been passed by Congress. This gives authority to the Secretary of the Treasury to contract with State Commissioners, Boards or officers for an examination into the condition of passengers arriving from abroad, the names of the persons prohibited from landing to be reported to the Collector of the Port, who shall enforce the prohibition. The expense of the return of such laborers is devolved on the owners of the vessel. Vessels refusing to bear the expenses are prohibited from landing at or clearing from any port of the United States. At a first glance this law appears one-sided and oppressive, but it has been demonstrated in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and other coal-mining States, that, while the importation of foreign low-paid labor temporarily injured the American laborer, it did no good to anybody. Many of the imported laborers, dissatisfied with their condition, returned home; others, becoming expert in their new field of industry, struck for the current rates of wages in their special lines, resorting to violence to enforce their demands, and forcibly and by demonstrative threats preventing others from taking their places. The disturbances of two years ago, arising out of the great coal and iron strikes in Pennsylvania and Ohio, had their origin almost entirely among imported foreign laborers, who refused to submit any longer to the conditions of their contracts. It is to be hoped that the law as now amended will prove competent to arrest the practice complained of.

THE publication by the United States Senate of President Cleveland's letter giving what he would like to have accepted as his reasons for appointing James C. Matthews, the Albany colored man, to be Register of Deeds for the District of Columbia, after his nomination had once been rejected, the resolution passed by the Senate and the papers relating to the case, leaves the President in an unpleasant predicament. The fact is that the President, acting under the bad advice of somebody, attempted to avoid the Seylla of Civil Service Reform and fell upon the Charybdis of making capital with the colored people. The President says that he sent in the name of Matthews the second time because he had found him, during the recess of Congress, an efficient officer. The Senate construes this to be an admission that the nomination was made originally without regard to the man's qualifications. And this construction seems to be warranted by the President's expression of a desire to "co-operate in tendering to our colored fellow-citizens just recognition." To this the Senate sarcastically replies that it didn't know that the color question had anything to do with it; that the fitness of the negro for office was settled by "the suppression of the Rebellion and the Amendments of the Constitution." It further reminds the President that if he desired to recognize the colored people by giving them office, he would not have turned out of the very office to which Matthews was appointed Frederick Douglass, once a slave, now the most distinguished representative of his race in the world, and a resident of the District of Columbia. The Senate rejected Matthews's nomination, not because he is a black man, but because the office to which he was appointed was essentially a local one, the fees of which are chiefly paid by the people of Washington, and to which a resident of the District of Columbia should be appointed.

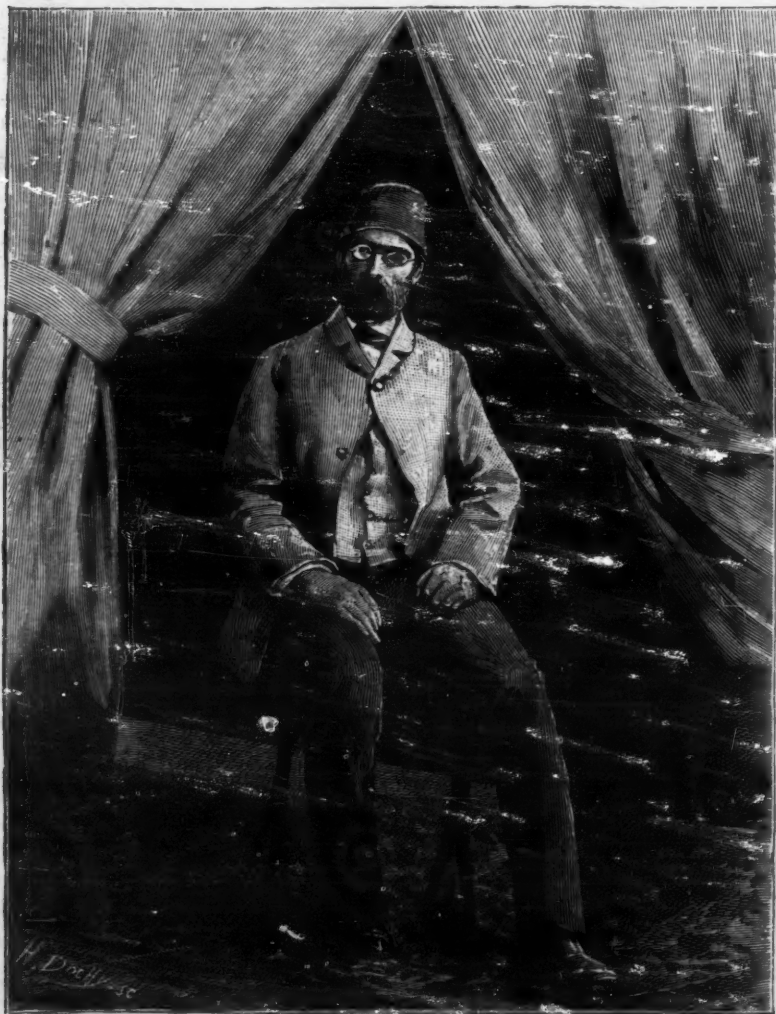
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 6.



ITALY.—HOISTING A 100-TON GUN ON BOARD THE "LEPANTO," AT SPEZIA.



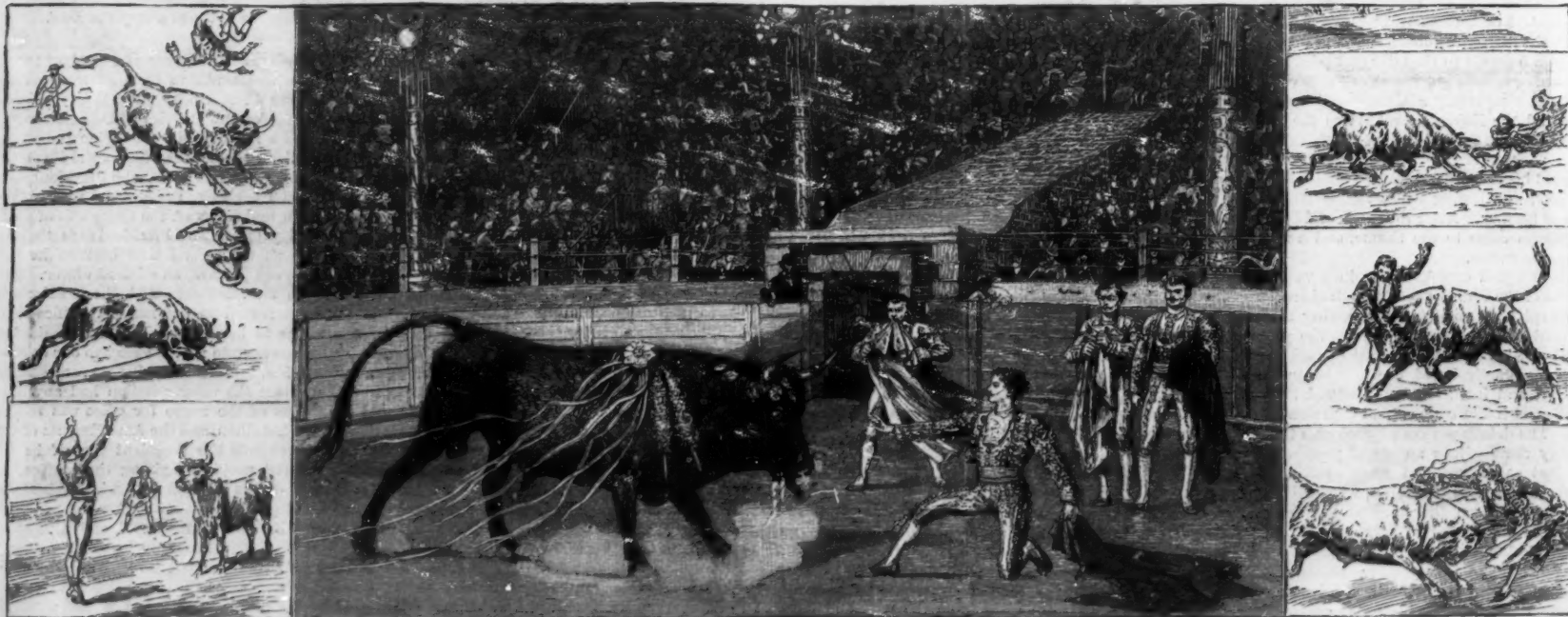
GREECE.—CONSTANTINE, DUKE OF SPARTA, CROWN-PRINCE.



AFRICA.—EMIN PASHA (DR. SCHNITZLER), THE BESIEGED GOVERNOR OF THE EQUATORIAL PROVINCES OF THE SOUDAN.



FRANCE.—THE STATUE OF "STRASBOURG," IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS, COVERED WITH EMBLEMS.—(FROM A RECENT ORIGINAL SKETCH).



FRANCE.—PROVENÇAL AND LANDAISE BULL-COURSES, AT THE PARIS HIPPODROME.

CHAPEL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

THE University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, which was planned by Thomas Jefferson on an unsectarian basis, ranks deservedly as one of the most venerable and useful educational institutions of the country. At the beginning the institution was designed to be what it is to-day, the capstone of the State system of free schools. It is in part maintained, like them, by a tax collected from citizens of all religious denominations and every shade of belief. The wisdom of the non-sectarian plan has been attested by good results. Many of the most distinguished ministers of all denominations are Alumni of this institution, and of these, many were won to Christianity by the religious influences exerted over them during their college life.

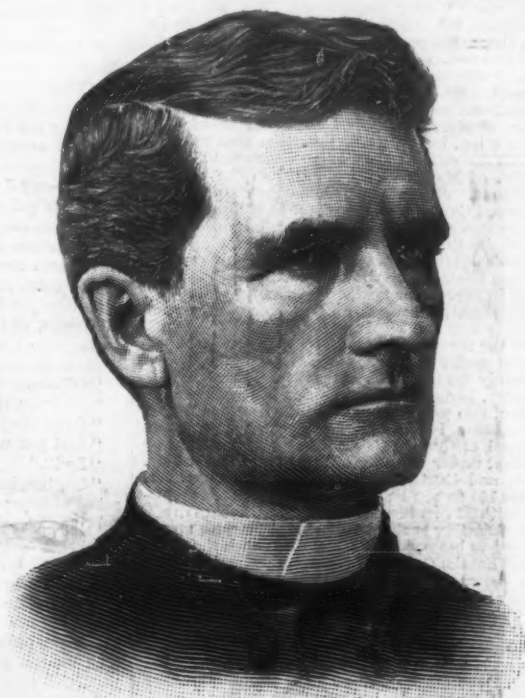
The introduction of sectarian bias being repugnant to the spirit of the institution, the religious activity of students and professors led to the establishment, in 1858, of a Young Men's Christian Association, the oldest college Christian Association in the world. Since its formation it has had nearly two thousand three hundred members, an average of one hundred for the twenty-three years of its active existence; for of course it was inactive during the war.

In the past session (1885-86) this Association has done an amount of mission work which seems almost incredible to those acquainted with the field in which this labor has been performed. Three mission schools were conducted in the Ragged Mountains, some five miles distant from the University, all among the veriest heathen, the poor mountaineers, whom the evangelical methods of the different Churches have failed to reach. To this Association the University is indebted for its Chaplain and religious services, the management of its reading-room, its yearly handbook, and its monthly public lecture. Since the present session of 1886-87 began, fifteen students, influenced by the religious life prevailing at this institution, have decided to enter the foreign mission field.

The Chaplain is chosen every two years, alternately, from among the Protestant Churches. The Chaplain who preceded the present incumbent is an Episcopalian (the Rev. Otis A. Glazebrook, now Rector of the Parish of Elizabeth, N. J.); the present incumbent, Dr. George B. Taylor, for many years a missionary in Rome, Italy, is a Baptist; and the next to fill the post will be a Presbyterian divine. The Rev. Nicholas H. Cobbs, afterwards Bishop of Alabama; the Rev. Joseph P. B. Wilmer, afterwards Bishop of Louisiana; the Rev. David S. Doggett, subsequently Bishop of the



VIRGINIA.—THE NEW CHAPEL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA AT CHARLOTTESVILLE.
FROM A PHOTO.



RT. REV. ETHELBERT TALBOT, P. E. BISHOP-ELECT
OF WYOMING AND IDAHO.

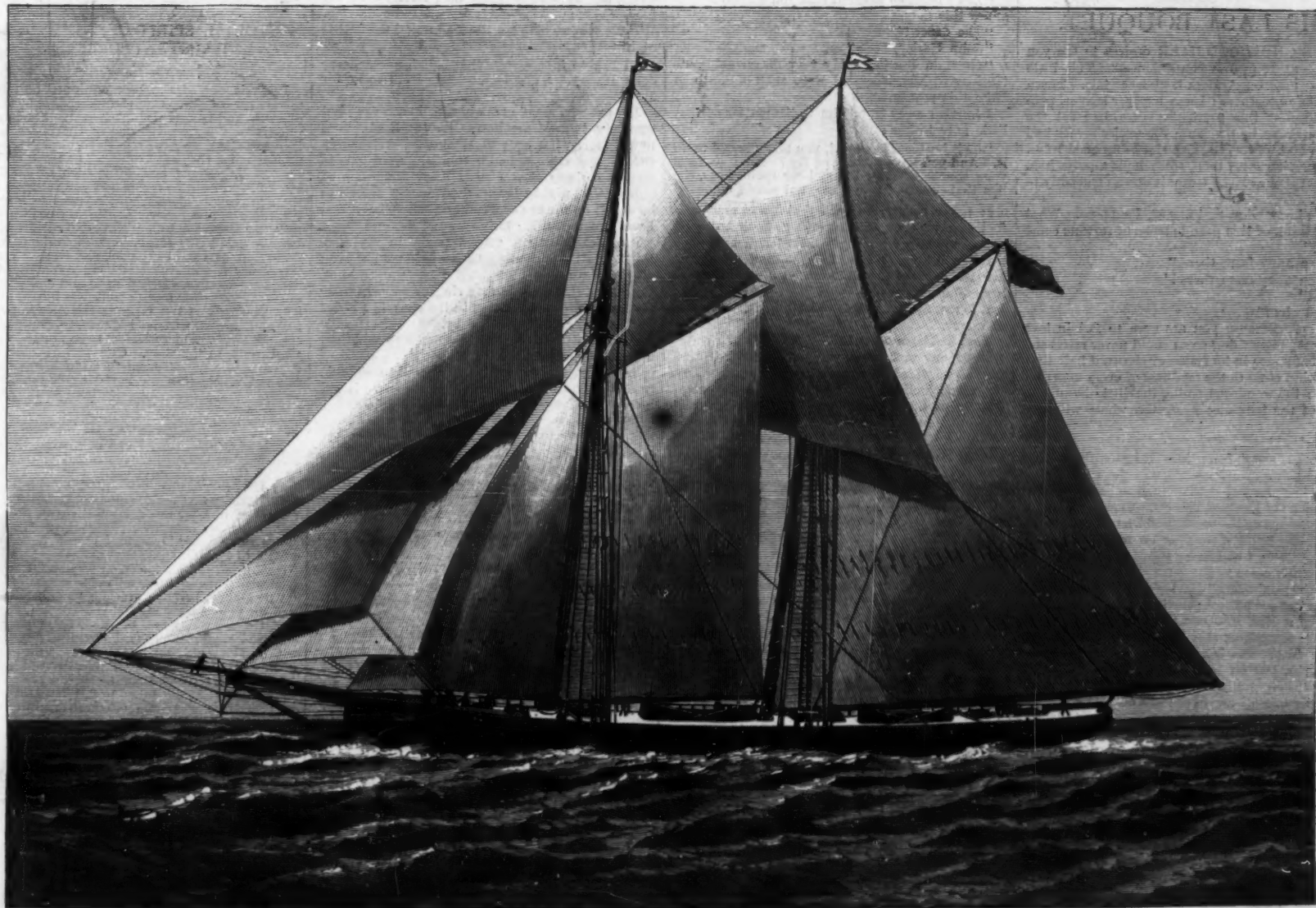
PHOTO. BY RINEHART.—SEE PAGE 6.

Methodist Church; the Rev. W. W. Bennett, long President of Randolph Macon College; the Rev. John A. Broadus, the Rev. T. D. Witherspoon, and other distinguished churchmen, have been Chaplains to this institution. Perhaps at no other college or university in America, not even excepting sectarian institutions, has there been a stronger undercurrent of piety in student life than at the University of Virginia.

For several years zealous efforts have been put forth to build a chapel, and now a very handsome Gothic structure, which cost something like \$20,000, is nearing completion. An illustration of the new structure will be found on this page.

THE OCEAN YACHT-RACE.

THE appearance on the bulletin-board of the New York Yacht Club, on New Year's Day, of a challenge, signed by Mr. R. T. Bush, and extended to "owners of all American keel schooner-yachts," to sail a race across the Atlantic from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, in competition with his new schooner *Coronet*, was the climax of a project which had been held under discussion among yachting men during the past season. When the season closed, however, and all the yachts were hauled out of commission, the idea was, to a certain extent, "laid on the table" until the



THE OCEAN YACHT-RACE BETWEEN THE "CORONET" AND THE "DAUNTLESS."—THE "CORONET" UNDER FULL SAIL.
PHOTO. BY PAGE BROTHERS.

nautical interests of the club men were revived after their winter somnolence. But Mr. Bush's challenge, backed by his own certified check for \$10,000, as his portion of the sweepstakes "pot," if it had no other effect for return, at least convinced the club men that he was very much in earnest. Mr. Caldwell H. Colt, the owner of the *Danless*, courageously responded to the challenge of Mr. Bush, within a week or so after its publication, but with the provision that the race should be sailed across in March, instead of the month of May, as contemplated in the original challenge. Mr. Colt's reason for the change in the proposed time of starting was that, if he permitted his famous schooner to cross at all, he desired to arrive in England in time to participate in the Queen's Jubilee Races, and return to this country in time to attend the races for the America cup early in September next. To this proposition Mr. Bush readily assented, and the race to Queens-town is now a fixed thing.

In the illustration on page 5 the *Coronet* is presented under full sail. She is the longest, and certainly the most elaborately fitted, yacht in this country, involving from the day her designs were drawn, two years ago, to the day she was put in commission, in March of last year, an expenditure of not less than \$70,000. The yacht was built by Poillon, under the immediate supervision of Mr. Bush, and Captain C. S. Crosby, her commander. She is 133 feet in length over all, of 380 tons register, with 27 feet beam, and 12 feet 6 inches draft. The *Danless* is about 10 feet shorter, with nearly 2 feet less beam, but of equal draft with the *Coronet*. That the *Coronet* is a thorough seagoing vessel was shown by the fact that her owner, with his family and a party of friends, sailed in her from this port to Cowes and back last Summer, besides indulging in considerable cruising in British waters. When his sons complete their collegiate course, Mr. Bush proposes taking them on a cruise, aboard the *Coronet*, around the world, before he establishes them in business life.

A week or so ago, the owner of the *Coronet*, in a spirit of true yachtmanship, offered to reduce the entry stakes from \$10,000, the original figure, to any sum which might be agreed upon by the greatest number of yachting men desiring to enter their boats for the Transatlantic Race. Mr. Colt, however, insisted that his acceptance of the challenge was unconditionally based upon the \$10,000 sweepstakes, and refused to consider any less sum. As the matter stands now, it is very probable that no other yachts will compete; which, by-the-way, is a sad reflection upon the spirit of American yachting enterprise. Among the other club men the impression prevails that the *Gitana*, the *Fortuna*, and possibly Mr. Hill's new English yacht, the *Miranda*, would enter, but it appears that while yachting men in general are decidedly willing to offer suggestions, none of them manifest any particular inclination to enter their own vessels in a contest which involves time, the outlay of an entry fee, and the inconvenience of a trip across the ocean in the month of March.

SOLACE.

DOWN to the lonesome grave I go,
Where neither song nor laughter
Can come to cheer; but this I know—
Dear love, you're coming after.

Down to the lonesome grave I go,
Where neither song nor laughter
Can come to cheer; but this will cheer—
I know you're coming after.

MADGE MORRIS.

HIS LAST BOUQUET.

"MRS. HOPGOOD HARE desires to see you at your first convenience." This little note on my desk begins the tale. There were like ones there; I was a clever lawyer, people said, but this particular case had set the craft in Barre by the ears; for weeks my ink had lived in hope of hearing from Mrs. Hopgood Hare. It was not strange, then, this simple missive held my eyes; that at last I threw it down exultantly to Harley.

"You know what that means, I suppose. What do you think of this grand stroke of fortune come to me?"

"Keep away from there."

"Keep away from there!"

"Yes."

"And why?"

"Why? Because you are sure to fall in love with that pretty thing; you could never resist the sweet baby face in its frame of chestnut hair that curls—that curls to the madness of every man that sees it; the wondrous smile, the little hand, the glory of the laughing eyes, the whole witchery of—"

"Harley!"

I broke away from him impatiently. What could all John Harley? He was the last man to fall in love, he was the last man to be professionally jealous of the luck that came to me; one fancy was as absurd as the other, and I could only laugh at last, and wonder, walking on to Mrs. Hopgood Hare's. True, I had never seen the lady, who had but recently come to Barre for the business of her case; she might be all Harley's fancy painted her, but it was too absurd; my imagination could not embrace a Mrs. Hopgood Hare aught than a solid business woman, as stiff and unattractive as her name. There was but one way out of it; it was all a grim jest on Harley's part, a—

But the charming vista of the Hare estate broke suddenly to dull me to the rest of life; I hurried up to the house all in a fresh, exultant dream. The case was mine; despite its obstacles, its ugly features, mine to win—was as sure of it as that I should marry Ruie Grey two weeks the morrow, and never fall in love with Mrs. Hopgood Hare.

"I—I wanted to speak to you," a faint voice broke in upon me.

My smiles had crept in a most involuntary fashion; I stood in the room where the servant led me, quite lost in smiling at them, for that little moment with no thought, no eyes for—Harley's picture coming towards me!

"Y-e-s."

It was a breath; I stared at her, that was all. "The fact is, I am in trouble, and—and you being a lawyer, and then, besides, you are the

young man who is to marry my dear schoolmate, Ruie Grey."

"Y-e-s."

"And you are acquainted with a—Mr. Harley, Mr.—John Harley?"

"Y-e-s."

"Well, this all concerns Mr. Harley. He is persecuting me in a most unendurable way, and I want it stopped—I want it stopped at once. It—"

"My—my dear madam, it shall be."

"I was going to say it began immediately upon our acquaintance, six weeks ago, in Boston; and now, though I am here since yesterday only, he has begun again in full earnest; two baskets of the choicest roses and an exotic bouquet to-day. Of course you know what that means in the depth of winter, and as I am forced to stay here, I want it stopped; I cannot endure it, because, you see, I cannot—I can never marry Mr. Harley."

"Of course you cannot."

"And you think there is a law to reach him?"

"I can stop him this very hour."

"And you will?"

"I will."

"Oh, thank you. But I will see you again and settle with you."

It was certainly a very singular proceeding on the part of Mrs. Hopgood Hare: she turned suddenly, with a quick, frightened look, and walked away from me. But it did not occur to me. My eyes followed her to the door, I stood listening till the last rustle of her dress died up the stairway, and then—since there was naught else to do—I took my hat and walked slowly out from Haremeath.

It was a most humiliating outcome. This case in which I was to win my laurels, which was to lift me to an enviable height in legal warfare, was not to be mine after all. For the simple matter of Harley's bouquets Mrs. Hare had sent for me. I would be the laughing-stock of the profession. Besides that, I was conscious, for the first time in my life of having posed a very fool. But somehow it occurred to me but dimly; for all, I walked back quietly enough to town, for the most part smiling over mad John Harley, laughing outright as those words of his came floating back:

"That curls—that curls to the madness of every man that sees it; the wondrous smile, the little hand, the glory—"

It was the bells of St. Peter's suddenly ringing out that brought me to myself. There was a fact forgotten, these flung back to me; a fact which brought me to an involuntary, shuddering standstill at my office-door. There were two facts to make me smile, if I could have dreamed them: the figure that moment striding briskly up the stairs at Haremeath, the other startling one—four words on the desk within:

"Paul Grey is dead."

"Your attentions are very disagreeable to Mrs. Hopgood Hare; she commissions me to request their discontinuance."

"The deuce!"

Paul Grey was dead, but my first thought was for Harley.

"But I must be assured that you will no longer annoy this lady."

"The deuce!"

"John Harley, I—"

"Enough, Roshore. My very disagreeable attentions to Mrs. Hopgood Hare shall discontinue from this moment."

I hurried away from him to the matter of that little note to her:

"This business is settled, you may depend upon it. And you have a fancy of fee? All I crave is your thanks, if only I may hear them from the lips that—that—Pardon me, but may I come?"

It never occurred to me that I was making a fool of myself for the second time that day; I posted my note with a gay little laugh as I took my way to Ruie. Then, for the first time that eventful day, my thoughts settled down solidly to her. She grew suddenly a very interesting object to me, for she was the girl I had been going to marry.

That had been a hard thing for both of us; betrothed, our wedding-day appointed, and, though we two so willed it, apparently no escape. This way: A sick client, who fancied me to the extent that he would have me marry his only daughter, and—Ruie liked me, he had said. I knew nothing of love; it seemed a pleasant, flattering thing, and all recklessly I fell in with his plans. And it was a pleasant thing, that little, till I saw she simply bent to her father's wishes; that there was nowhere in her girl's heart a spark of love for me. But—Paul Grey's days were surely numbered; neither of us had the courage to disappoint him, to face him with the truth.

So we were playing the farce on to its end. Yet I was through it always just on the verge of loving Ruie Grey; there were times I really believed she would come to love me, when I made even an honest effort in both directions, only to have the hard thing pressed harder upon me by her calm indifference. So it grew a harder thing every day, though surely never the thud St. Peter's bells rang down to me, the morning. So there was never a day I could have been glad Paul Grey was dead. To-day I was glad; I could not help it; I could not help looking up with a smile, even as I heard the footsteps drawing near.

"Mr. Roshore!"

"Y-e-s."

"Ruie begs to be excused from seeing you. It is odd—I can't help saying it—but the poor child seems beside herself with grief. And she says you will understand."

Some way, she was before me again—Harley's picture, the wondrous vision he had so barely rated, at which I looked and posed a fool again.

"And you—you understand?" I said.

"What?"

"What it means that Paul Grey is dead. That

there will never be a wedding-day for me and Ruie; that we are only warm friends now, as we never were the lovers we pretended; that—"

"You do not say?"

A girl's curious way, she broke me off; a moment she stood and stared at me, and then she recalled herself.

"Ruie's affairs are not mine to discuss with you," she went on, quickly. "I must go back to Aunt Sophronia, and—if you please, I would like a word with you."

It was all one to me—the quiet rebuke, the indignant bit of speech: all in a dream, I went out with her, only her last words ringing in my ear; it was all ecstatic wonder what she would say to me. A pair of dark eyes watched us from the window, two little hands were clasped upon the sill; but it would have been all one to me had I seen them. I had no soul but for the voice that broke in as we reached the road that turned to Haremeath.

"Mr. Roshore!"

"Y-e-s."

"You promised to settle that business, at once, and not an hour ago there came another, all Marchal Neils, the loveliest, sweetest of them all."

"Eh?"

"I want you to stop it; I am in earnest. Girls do such queer things, and I'm really afraid what I might do some day."

What she might do some day! That was quite too much for my dazed soul; a gay little laugh rose to my lips.

"Some day you will stand up before a wedding-altar; you will marry a man, and—and love him, and I shall be there to see."

"Perhaps so—yes."

She turned and went briskly her homeward way, while I, quite content, walked away from her. It was enough for one short day, and with even a thought for business, I turned my steps towards town. But—

It was late when at last I stood within my office. To turn again, to dream and to forget, was my poor business till the day waned and the lights gleamed out to warn me back. There were letters on my desk. And one read:

"You understand, of course. And I would rather you did not come again. I can explain all things away."

It was odd. I was beginning to wonder at it, when my eyes fell on another which made Ruie's all a blank.

"What was it?"

"Perhaps so—Yes?"

It was her answer to the little note I had sent that day; with smile still on my lips I read it:

"I decline to have any further dealings with such a crazy fool as you have shown yourself. You may not come, and, pray do me the favor to keep out of my sight for ever."

"Mrs. HOPGOOD HARE."

There was another letter on my desk, a summons to take a case in a distant city—if at all, at once.

I surprised my retainers by appearing before them the following afternoon. The case proved a tedious one; weeks passed and I was kept from home, but rumors reached me; Harley had the famous case; and lastly, Harley was to be married. There was no help for the mad note I wrote that night.

"I beg to inform you that I shall never marry John Harley. I beg to add that I am sorry for you."

The answer. Bare enough, save in sarcasm, but somehow it gave me hope. She at least would never marry Harley, and things grew strangely clear. Some mistake had been made, some offense given; perhaps that I went away from her so quietly that night; it would pique any woman to be so left on the eve of a declaration. What a fool I was not to see it; but—

From exultation I verged again to madness. Five days more the tedious law held me; at even of the sixth day I alighted from the train at Barre. St. Peter's bells were ringing a merry peal; there was to be a wedding in the church, I heard people say, as they hurried by.

"You will stand up some day before a wedding-altar, and I shall be there to see."

Suddenly, sweetly, my words came floating back. St. Peter's bells would surely ring for that; it was meet I should go, too, to this wedding.

"Phelp!"

Stunned, dazed, I had left the church, and walked down towards the river: light and peace. The prophecy had been fulfilled; she had stood up before a marriage-altar, and I—I had been there to see. I was trying to realize it when the voice broke in; I turned to see one I had forgotten. "Ruie!"

"I followed you—I could not help it. I thought you looked—"

The moon was bright; what she looked I read; what she told me after—how truly she loved me, how she had deceived me for my sake and for pride's. That was, oddly, a moment of desperation; I knew only something slipping from me, all I had; oddly, that moment, all I wanted, and my soul burst from my lips.

"Ruie—Ruie Grey, will you do something for me to-night?"

"Anything you ask me, Phelp."

"Come back to the church. There will be some one there to marry us."

"But, Phelp—"

But I had wound my arms tightly around her, and madly I drew her on.

Another note to end the tale, forwarded from the West to greet me the morrow in my rooms:

"This strange thing I have just heard I must be the first to tell you. To think you should take me for Aunt Sophronia that day I stole down before her to talk my own queer case! And that she never told when she followed after to find you

gone; when she received your first tender letter—only declared that you were a fool, and that she would have no more to do with you! To think it should go on until to-day, when she brought me the last letter she had pored so bewilderedly over, and so brought the explanation! To think you should think I was Mrs. Hopgood Hare!

"John says he supposes it was his fault, the way he talked that day you came; he was so in love with me, you see, he could bear in mind no one else. And to think he should think one of those lovely baskets actually went to Aunt Sophronia! But—"

"I want to say a little word: I was in earnest—I did not love John Harley, I did not want to marry him; I came even to have a bit of sentiment for—"

"But I suppose it is all too horrible to tell you, though where is the harm now that I love only John? I will only say it was the flowers did it all; I could not resist them; such Neils as were in that last bouquet would bring a harder-hearted girl than Claire Gay to terms."

Did I care?

It was a round of stupidity, of crinkled fate. A fair girl lost to me, a great case, through it all. I did not know, and yet, that first amazement over, I found myself calmly working the day away, calmly walking back, the night, to Ruie. It was a deep, lasting peace, though I did not dream it; the first gleam of the gratitude that should be mine, the years.

For what?

For Harley's last bouquet.

RT. REV. E. TALBOT, A.M.,

BISHOP-ELECT OF WYOMING AND IDAHO.

RT. REV. ETHELBERT TALBOT, the new Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho, was born at Fayette, Mo., October 9th, 1848. He is the son of the late John A. Talbot, an eminent physician, and is one of six brothers. He was prepared for college in his native town, entered Dartmouth in the Fall of 1866, and was graduated with honors in 1870. In the same year, choosing the ministry for a calling, he entered the General Theological Seminary of New York. While a divinity student he bore off the McVickar Prize in Ecclesiastical History. He was graduated in 1873, and ordained a Deacon in the Church of the Transfiguration ("The Little Church Around the Corner"), in New York city, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Robertson. On the 4th of November, 1873, he was ordained to Priest's Orders by the same Bishop, at Fayette, Mo., in St. Mary's Church, where he had been baptized and confirmed, and had received his first communion.

After receiving Divinity Orders, Mr. Talbot was sent to St. James's Church, Macon, Mo., and has been in charge of that parish ever since. He opened and founded there, in 1875, the St. James Military Academy, now a flourishing Diocesan School, which has been the means of sending many young men into the ministry.

Mr. Talbot received a very large vote at the late Convention of the Episcopal Diocese of Missouri, when Bishop Tuttle was elected; he also narrowly missed being elected Missionary Bishop of North Dakota, at the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in the United States held at Philadelphia in 1883. Up to the time of his elevation to the Bishopric, Mr. Talbot had been actively engaged in missionary work around Macon. He enjoys vigorous health, and is well fitted for his new field of labor, possessing as he does executive talent, a fine address and pleasing manners.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

ITALY'S WAR-SHIPS.

ITALY is one of the best equipped of modern naval powers, and is constantly adding to her list of swift and powerful ships-of-war. She has just purchased the *America*, one of the fastest of the transatlantic steamers; also the cruiser *Salamina*, re-christened the *Angelo Emo*. The three cruisers, *Stromboli*, *Cesio* and *Etna*, each of 3,000 tons burden, will soon be completed and ready to enter the squadron. The *Tripoli*, a vessel to intercept torpedoes, is now ready. During the coming Summer, therefore, the Italian Navy will consist of four large ironclads, the *Italia*, *Lepanto*, *Duilio* and *Dandolo*; four powerful cruisers, and a small cruiser, the *Emo*; five old ironclads, the *Affondatore*, *Ancona*, *Maria Pia*, *Castelfidardo* and *San Martino*, of the *Tripoli* class; and about fifty torpedo-boats. The ironclads of old type, as the *Amedeo*, *Palatro*, and *Roma*, will be reduced to pontoons, and the *Terribile*, *Formidabile*, and *Varese* will be used only in harbors. Our picture shows the *Lepanto*, one of the most formidable ironclads in the world, hoisting on board a 100-ton gun by means of the hydraulic derrick, at the Spezia naval station.

THE CROWN-PRINCE OF GREECE.

Prince Constantine, Duke of Sparta, the eldest son of King George of Greece and heir-apparent to the throne, recently arrived at his majority, and the event was celebrated by the modern Athenians with extraordinary festivities. The events of the day are described in an entertaining letter written by a bright American girl (Miss Mary Fearn, daughter of the Hon. Walker Fearn, of New Orleans, now American Minister to Greece). From this letter, in connection with our portrait of the Prince, we make a few extracts: "A long-cherished dream has been at last realized, and the people have flocked in from the provinces and the islands, many of them old men of one hundred years, who bear the scars and wounds of the terrible fight which Greece made for her freedom, and who stood with trembling limbs and tears running down their faces while the Prince, in a strong, clear voice which reached to the furthest corner of the old cathedral, took the Greek flag in his left hand, and placing his right on the Bible, swore to defend the honor and freedom of Greece to the last drop of his blood; a most solemn oath, which means the undertaking of no light duties, but of a grave and fearful responsibility; the responsibility of a cause which in the years to come may prove who knows how stormy and hopeless, and which he will have to defend in all possibility at the cost of his own life. I never expect to see again so beautiful a ceremony. . . . The old Metropolitan stood in the nave of the church, in his robes of gold brocade and jeweled mitre, and around him stood the Archbishops and Bishops, veritable patriarchs, with their long gray hair falling upon their shoulders. The light fell softly through the faces of the pictured saints in the stained windows to fall again upon the face of a living one, if ever a

woman was, of the Queen herself. I think it must have been reflected from one to the other. It is not always that the face is an index to the soul, but in the case of the Queen of Greece, who is affectionately called the 'Queen of the Poor,' the face showed unmistakably the soul, and a most pure and beautiful soul it is. The ceremony concluded, loud cheers rang through the cathedral of 'Long live the King!' and then the procession returned to the palace, and the diplomatic corps came after the royal coach in open carriages. It seemed so queer to drive in broad daylight through the streets in ball-dress and bareheaded. At night there was a grand ball at the palace in honor of the Prince. The Acropolis and Lycabettus shone with myriads of lights, and the whole city was illuminated. The Prince himself drove out before the ball, and the carriage was literally lifted from the ground and carried in the arms of the people. 'This is the greatest day of my life; I shall never see such another as this,' was the remark which came from many a gray-headed old man and woman. . . . Of the Prince personally, there can be and there is but one opinion. He is a splendid, brave young fellow, of fine intelligence, with the gentlest and most modest manners. While not exactly handsome, he has a liberal share of good looks, a splendid physique, and is every inch a soldier. I sat between him and the King, who did not dance, but who talked to me all the time that I was not dancing."

EMIN PASHA.

The interesting and timely portrait of Emin Pasha, which we reproduce, is engraved from a photograph in the possession of the French Geographical Society. The photograph was taken at Khartoum in March, 1882, by M. L. Vossion, now French Consul at Philadelphia. M. Vossion was formerly Consul at Khartoum, and there received a visit from Dr. Schnitzler (now Emin Pasha), on the date mentioned, a short time before the latter succeeded Gordon as Governor of the Equatorial Provinces. While Gordon was engaged in his fatal struggle with the Mahdi, his lieutenant defended and fortified himself in his province in the Lower Soudan. The world gave him up for lost, and nothing further was heard of him until the details published by Dr. Junker last Fall roused the humane sentiments of Europe. The English expedition of rescue was organized, and Stanley was called from America to lead it. This expedition is now en route, and will soon penetrate the Dark Continent from the Zanzibar coast.

ANTI-GERMAN DEMONSTRATIONS IN PARIS.

The picture of the Strasbourg monument, covered with wreaths and mourning emblems, which is engraved from a sketch sent us by an artist-correspondent in Paris, is significant of the present excited state of feeling in that capital. Ever since 1870, this statue has been made the centre of similar demonstrations, and no native of the captive provinces visits Paris without adding this wreath. The statue stands in the Place de la Concorde, being one of the eight allegorical figures representing Strasbourg, Lille, Bordeaux, Rouen, Nantes, Brest, Lyons and Marseilles. One of the decorative shields lately placed upon it bears the inscription: "Qui vive? France!" On another appear the dates "1870, 18—" meaning that Alsace-Lorraine, lost in 1870, is to be regained—when?

BULL-COURSES IN PARIS.

The brilliant "sun festival," or Provençal Fair, for the benefit of the sufferers from the Rhone floods, has successfully entertained Paris for some weeks past. The most novel and striking spectacle introduced has been the *courses des taureaux*, at the Hippodrome. These are not exactly bull-fights, in the Spanish sense, for the bulls have knobs on their horns, the toreadors are armed only with the herdsman's trident, and there is no goring of horses nor butchering of bulls. There is, however, plenty of excitement and danger, while the daring skill of the young toreadors from La Camargue and the Landes is marvelous. They dodge the infuriated bulls, jump over them, and cover them with banderilles, which they afterwards remove—a feat still more hazardous. The great Hippodrome, filled with spectators tier above tier, the gay costumes of the actors in the scene, and the feats of dexterity, make up a very imposing spectacle.

THE PALESTINE COMMANDERY RECEPTION.

THE interior of the great Metropolitan Opera House never presented a more brilliant and inspiring appearance than on Tuesday evening of last week, the occasion being the ninth annual reception of Palestine Commandery No. 18, K. T. It afforded a night of memorable enjoyment to a vast throng of participants, and brought many thousands of dollars into the treasury for charitable purposes. Special interest was given to the reception by the arrangement that the entire proceeds were to be devoted to the founding of a home for indigent Masons and their families in the State of New York. This home has been for years in contemplation, and the realization of the project is now assured. It was one of the conditions exacted by the members of Palestine Commandery that the money should be used to lay the corner-stone. This feature of the ball drew several thousand people to the scene, many of whom came from the temples of other States.

The Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States was represented by Most Eminent Charles Roome, Grand Master, and his official staff. Right Eminent Joseph A. Johnson, with his associate officers, represented the Grand Commandery of the State of New York. The Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons was represented by Most Eminent William Sherer, Grand High Priest and his associates, and the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons by Most Worshipful Frank R. Lawrence, Grand Master of Masons of New York, and his official staff, headed by Right Worshipful John W. Vrooman, Deputy Grand Master.

The interior of the Opera House was tastefully decorated with various insignia of the Masonic Order; numbers of the boxes were beautifully trimmed with flowers; the different lodges vied with each other in rendering their several headquarters the most attractive. Crescent Lodge No. 402, of which Sir Edward B. Harper, Grand Steward of the G. and Lodge, is Master had no less than three boxes, beautifully decorated; and across the three boxes were inscribed the words, in immortal letters, "Greetings from Crescent Lodge No. 402. Welcome." Kane Lodge box was also beautifully decorated.

The stage was set in the form of a tent. In flaming gas-jets upon the background of the Cross of Palestine appeared the words, "In Hoc Signo

Vinces." The legends, "Palestine Commandery 18, K. T." and "Hall & Asylum Fund," formed a circle. Knights in armor were placed in the background, which was festooned with the banners of the different Masonic bodies.

Promptly at ten o'clock, the Knights in their brilliant uniform marched upon the stage, headed by Past Eminent Commander Eugene S. Eunson, the Assistant Grand Inspector of the Grand Commandery of the State of New York. The entrance of the Knights was a signal for vociferous applause from the 10,000 people present, who packed every available space from the floor to the dome.

The Knights formed in two ranks. James W. Bowden, the Eminent Commander of Palestine Commandery, was then escorted by the standard of the Order, and conducted upon the platform, where he in turn proceeded to receive the representatives of the different grand bodies.

Special honors were accorded to the representative of the Masonic bodies of this State, who has devoted so much of his personal and official time to the development of the object for which the reception was specially held. The leader of the 80,000 Masons of New York State was next introduced in the person of Most Worshipful Frank R. Lawrence, the Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York. Preceding him was his official staff, clad in the full Masonic regalia, advancing upon the platform in column of twos; they opened ranks, and between the files passed the Grand Master. He was then conducted to the seat of honor, and by his side were placed the members of his official staff; after which the lines of Commandery were formed for an inspection and review, which was conducted by the Grand Commander of the State of New York, accompanied by the Eminent Commander of Palestine Commandery. The limits of the platform would not permit all the Sir Knights of Palestine to participate in the exhibition drill; a portion of them were marched off of the stage under the command of the Captain General, and thirty-six men remained, who, under the direction of the Commandant of the Drill Corps, gave an exhibition of the Knights Templar tactics, executing in turn a bewildering series of complicated evolutions, comprising squares, crosses, triangles, and many other difficult movements familiar only to the Order, each movement having a particular meaning.

The festivities culminated in a grand ball, in which the fair women and brave men danced to bewitching music furnished by the bands of Gilmore and Cappa. Most Worshipful Grand Master Frank R. Lawrence was highly pleased with the great success of the entertainment, and says that Palestine has proved itself to be a most valuable ally in the great work which he and his associates are doing—of freeing an Order from debt, and furnishing a home for the widows and orphans of its deceased members.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT AND HIS MODEL.

"This brilliant painter of Oriental costumes and splendor," writes Theodore Child to the New York Sun, "is busily engaged on a series of five immense decorative panels destined to decorate the new buildings of the Sorbonne, and 'to symbolize Learning,' 'Poetry,' 'Eloquence' and 'Science.' And behold the painter of the 'Cherif's Vengeance' working in the vein of a modern Veronese, or at least of a Tiepolo. The sketches of these panels are very interesting. The central composition shows the heads of the various Faculties of the university seated, with their robes of various colors, under a hypostyle rotunda, with, in the background, a view of the old Sorbonne and its dome. Poetry is represented by a Muse and Dante wandering in a majestic landscape. Eloquence remains to be sketched. Science has two panels: the Science of the Ancients is represented by Prometheus chained to a rock and gnawed by the vulture in punishment for having stolen the celestial fire. Prometheus, it will be remembered, was liberated by Hercules, and in the panel representing Modern Science we shall see the deliverance of Prometheus by the modern Hercules, by the Science which has discovered electricity, and which is depicted in the semblance of a robust woman clad in Hercules's lion-skin and armed with his club. Thus, it will be seen, M. Benjamin Constant has taken liberties with the heathen mythology and ventured to continue its allegories in his own manner. However, the learned professors of the Sorbonne have approved his innovations, and as the panels will be grand and brilliant decorative compositions, the public will certainly not grudge its approbation in turn. For the forthcoming Salon, M. Constant has painted a large picture of 'Orpheus,' disgusted and sad, descending a gloomy mountain ravine to join once more Eurydice in the nether obscurity of the world of despair. The life-size figure of Orpheus is nude. Around his lyre is wound a veil of black crape. The whole landscape is gloomy and terrible, as if sympathizing with the gloom of the sad singer. This impressive picture is, as it were, an allegory of the death of ancient poetry. M. Constant's second picture is the Empress Theodora, seated in all the splendor of her jeweled robes, like an idol, on a marble throne. This picture has been executed as a piece of painting purely and simply, and of its kind it is perfection. For these Oriental subjects M. Constant has the good fortune to have a model who is in a way a collaborator. She is one of those intelligent Parisiennes, daughters of the people, flowers of the faubourg, instinct with the sentiments of art, and having, from the association with painters and writers, acquired a vernacular of literature, and, above all, a sense of the dignity and grandeur of art. It is she who makes M. Constant's costumes, and herself finds many a happy pose and many a felicitous refinement of barbaric splendor. When she is posing for Theodora she believes that she is the Empress in person, and lives, as it were, in a gorgeous dream. Even when M. Constant is not working, she asks leave to come and spend her days in the splendid studio, and having dressed herself in fine robes, having placed a jeweled crown on her head, and having strewn on the floor a couch of skins, of silks and of embroidered velvets, she reclines in state and passes her time in reading the fictions of the modern poets and novelists, as it were Salammbo or Cleopatra reading Zola or Goncourt. For, when this imaginative little lady has draped herself in rich stuffs, and loaded her neck and arms and ankles with heavy jewels, she is transformed and transfigured, and lives in Dreamland, at Bagdad, Carthage, or Byzantium, as her fancy may choose to wander."

THE addition of sugar to mortar greatly increases its strength. It is supposed that the wonderful Roman mortar, hard after 2,000 years had passed, owed its excellence to the addition of saccharine matter.

monde women, of a not first-rate standing in their profession, but who generally live in domiciles of their own. His chambers are up several flights of a rather shabby stair. His rooms are not furnished tastefully, but he has a vast quantity of objects of taste crowded on *étagères*, mantelpieces, side-tables, cabinets, and so forth. Some day he means to build a house where there will be room for them and to spare. His portrait by Manet, and other impressionist pictures, hang on the wall. I cannot say why, but M. Zola gives me the impression of one who has not yet shaken off the traces of sordid poverty and seems bent on preventing his animal heat from being lost. The arms are kept close to the body, the shoulders rise towards the ears, and his coat is buttoned up as in the days when his hearth was without a fire, and he was obliged to trust to killing sparrows at his garret-window for a meal's meat. He looks very shy, has a thick tongue in speaking, and the concentrated expression in his black and somewhat fixed eyes gives them almost the cross-squint look.

"M. Zola is now working at another novel called 'The Earth' ('La Terre'). In his preface to the book he says: 'I wish to write a live poem of the Earth, but without symbolism of a human kind. By this I mean to say that I want, first, to paint in its low features the love of the peasant for his ground, and his passionate greed to possess more and more of it because it is to him the great material form of wealth. I then want to paint the higher love of Earth, the nursing mother, from whom we draw our bodily form, our daily bread, the fluid that runs in our veins and arteries, and in whose breast we are in the end to sleep the sleep of death. I start with showing the peasant a rapacious muck-rake; a being of narrow passions in the presence of the mother who is always patient, serene, beneficent. But it is not my intention to paint the rustic blacker than he really is, only to seek out and bring to light his redeeming qualities. He is not one of nature's noblemen, but he has a grandeur of his own, nevertheless. In a way he is to be the hero, the action turning upon a peasant who in setting out owned no patch of ground; and then how and when he came to be an owner, and how he wanted to own more. Then I shall go into the question of the enforced subdivision of landed property in France, and how it works on a community of peasants. I shall throw into relief the social consequences, and explain how great estates are being again formed, and what they are leading to. This will bring me alongside of the Socialists. I mean also to study the political part the peasant has played and the one he is likely to play, and his action, through ownership of land, upon modern France. He is the majority, the latent force that sleeps, and which is able whenever it is aroused to seal the fate of the country. It is also my intention to study him in his relations with the Church—to see to what extent religion has a hold on him.'"

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

TO MAKE papier-mâché for fine, small work, boil clippings of brown or white paper in water, beat them into a paste, add glue or gum and size, and press into oiled molds.

TO REMOVE paper labels from old bottles, wet the face of the label with water, and hold it for an instant over any convenient flame. The steam penetrates the label at once, and softens the paste.

THE addition of sugar to mortar greatly increases its strength. It is supposed that the wonderful Roman mortar, hard after 2,000 years had passed, owed its excellence to the addition of saccharine matter.

It is estimated that from 34,000 to 35,000 cubic miles of rain fall every year upon the surface of the globe. The rivers carry off barely one-half; the rest disappears by evaporation, by the absorption of the earth, and by being taken up by plants, animals and mineral oxidation.

TO BRIGHTEN and polish nickel-plating and prevent rust, apply rouge with a little fresh lard or lard-oil on a wash-leather or a piece of buckskin. Rub the bright parts, using as little of the rouge and oil as possible; wipe off with a clean rag slightly oiled. Repeat the wiping every day, and the polishing as often as necessary.

A WELL-KNOWN firm of Berlin engineers is now making a device for signaling the passage of a train by means of mercury. The deflection of one rail of the line caused by the passing of a train is caused to press upon the elastic diaphragm of a vessel fixed under the rail, and containing mercury. The mercury is forced up a side tube so as to complete an electrical circuit and ring a bell or work some other indicator.

ON the Transcaspian Railroad, in Russia, it is claimed that a saving of \$800 per mile is effected by the use of mineral wax, or ozokerite, for ties. When purified, melted and mixed with limestone and gravel, the ozokerite, which is abundant in the vicinity of the railroad, produces a good asphalt. This is pressed into shape in boxes, and gives ties which retain their form and hardness even in the hottest weather.

A GERMAN botanist has discovered a source of brandy and alcohol in the poppy. It appears that the pulp which covers the poppy-seed contains saccharine matter, which, after due fermentation and distillation, produces a kind of brandy of an agreeable flavor. As this pulp has hitherto been thrown away, the discovery, it is said, affords poppy-planters an opportunity of realizing more profit from their crops without a very great expenditure of capital.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

FEBRUARY 6TH.—In Portsmouth, N. H., Albert Loughton, poet, aged 58 years. February 7th.—In Portsmouth, Va., Major John K. Cooke; in New York, the Rev. Samuel V. Berry, a Protestant Episcopal colored clergyman, aged 74 years. February 8th.—In Chester, Pa., Mrs. Harriet B. McKeever, author of religious books and poems, aged 80 years; in Englewood, N. J., Daniel Drake Smith, a well-known underwriter of New York, aged 69 years. February 9th.—In New York, Dr. Owen R. Gross, aged 70 years; in Boston, Mass., ex-Judge Thomas Russell, aged 62 years; in Nyack, N. Y., John V. Onderdonk, a prominent resident of Rockland County, aged 63 years. February 10th.—In Northampton, Mass., the Rev. Samuel Hopkins, historian and author, aged 79 years; in Santa Barbara, Cal., Emanuel Solari, the New York restaurateur, aged 64 years; in Louisville, Ky., Louis Bache, a great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin, aged 82 years. February 12th.—In New York, Henry Stokes, President of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company, aged 80 years; in New York, Edward C. Maloy, Inspector of Buildings, and a veteran fireman, aged 63 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

It is said that John Ruskin is preparing to enter the Roman Catholic Church.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is rapidly recovering his health, in his leisurely tour of Southern France.

THE "boodle" New York Alderman, John O'Neil, was last week sentenced to four-and-a-half years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of \$2,000.

MISS ANNIE RANDALL, oldest daughter of ex-Speaker Randall, was married last week to Charles Calvert Lancaster, a young Washington lawyer.

BILL NYE, the humorist, is ill at Asheville, N. C., and has been compelled to abandon literary work altogether. His friends fear that his health is hopelessly destroyed.

At the Patti concert at San Francisco, Cal., last week, a crank tried to blow up the *décor* with an infernal machine and failed, the machine exploding in his hands and doing him serious injury.

LORD TENNYSON's health is giving his friends serious concern. Since the death of his son he has been despondent and ill, and by the advice of his physician will soon go to the South of France.

M. BARTHOLOMI will contribute to the American Exhibition in London an immense oil painting of New York Harbor, showing the Statue of Liberty, and giving an excellent view of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

MISS CATHERINE L. WOLFE, of New York City, who was supposed to be dying a few weeks ago, has so far recovered that she has ordered her Newport villa to be prepared for occupancy, and will probably go there in May.

SENATOR-ELECT TURPIE of Indiana is what the boys call a "jolly fellow," who has had money enough all his life to escape hard work, and has, consequently, missed that fame which his ability would otherwise have brought him.

MR. PARNELL's amendment to the Address was defeated in the British House of Commons, Feb. 11th, by a majority of 106. The Government whips had counted upon 110. Mr. Gladstone refrained from speaking, as his friends advised.

PRINCE RUPERT, who will probably be King of Bavaria some day, is apprenticed to a wood-turner in Munich, and daily works at the bench. His brother, Prince Francis, is learning to paint houses, and Prince Charles is a most industrious market gardener.

CAPTAIN J. PUTNAM BRADLEE, a citizen of Boston, formerly very active in municipal affairs, who died week before last, left an estate valued at more than \$1,000,000, the greater portion of which is to be ultimately given to public charitable institutions in the State.

"My father understood the use of the palm, but his palmistry was not always agreeable to me, although it assisted in forming my character," said Mr. Beecher, in Plymouth Church, in speaking of Mr. Heron-Allen, who lectured there last week upon "Finger Rings."

MRS. HENRY WOOD, the English novelist, who died in London last week, made her first great hit with "East Lynne," which was published in 1861, the authoress being then in her forty-second year. She afterwards produced about twenty-five works, edited the *Argosy*, and accumulated a considerable fortune.

MISS MAUD BANKS, the daughter of the general, is now regularly on the stage, and is delighted with her profession. She is playing *Parthenia* in "Ingomar," in the small Pennsylvania towns. The general, who is now seventy-one years of age, is United States Marshal in Boston, and runs an experimental farm of sixty acres outside of that city.

CONSUL-GENERAL PORCH, who was in Mexico when Envoy Sedgwick was entertained by the Jockey Club, and who sent a very undiplomatic message to Mr. Bayard, descriptive of the hilarious proceedings on that occasion, has finally paid the penalty of his temerity. He has been removed, and Colonel E. Cary More, of Missouri, appointed as his successor.

It is now said that Mr. Parnell is suffering from a pulmonary affection, and fears are expressed that he may never regain perfect health. He is much debilitated, and was greatly exhausted by his speech in Parliament last week. This address, in support of his amendment to the Queen's Speech, was moderate and judicious in tone, and made a decided impression.

THE other day, when Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, had finished a witty speech on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, he convulsed the House by saying: "Mr. Speaker, I wish to announce that I shall retire to the cloak-room to receive the congratulations of my fellow-members." He then left the chamber with a crowd of colleagues at his heels.

LULU HURST, the Georgia girl who achieved some reputation by exhibitions of alleged "marvelous magnetic power," has recently married her manager, Paul L. Atkinson. Miss Hurst, since her "wonderful power" deserted her, has been attending school, and graduated in December last. It is recorded that her fortune of \$200,000 she amassed while on the stage has been trebled since by lucky investments.

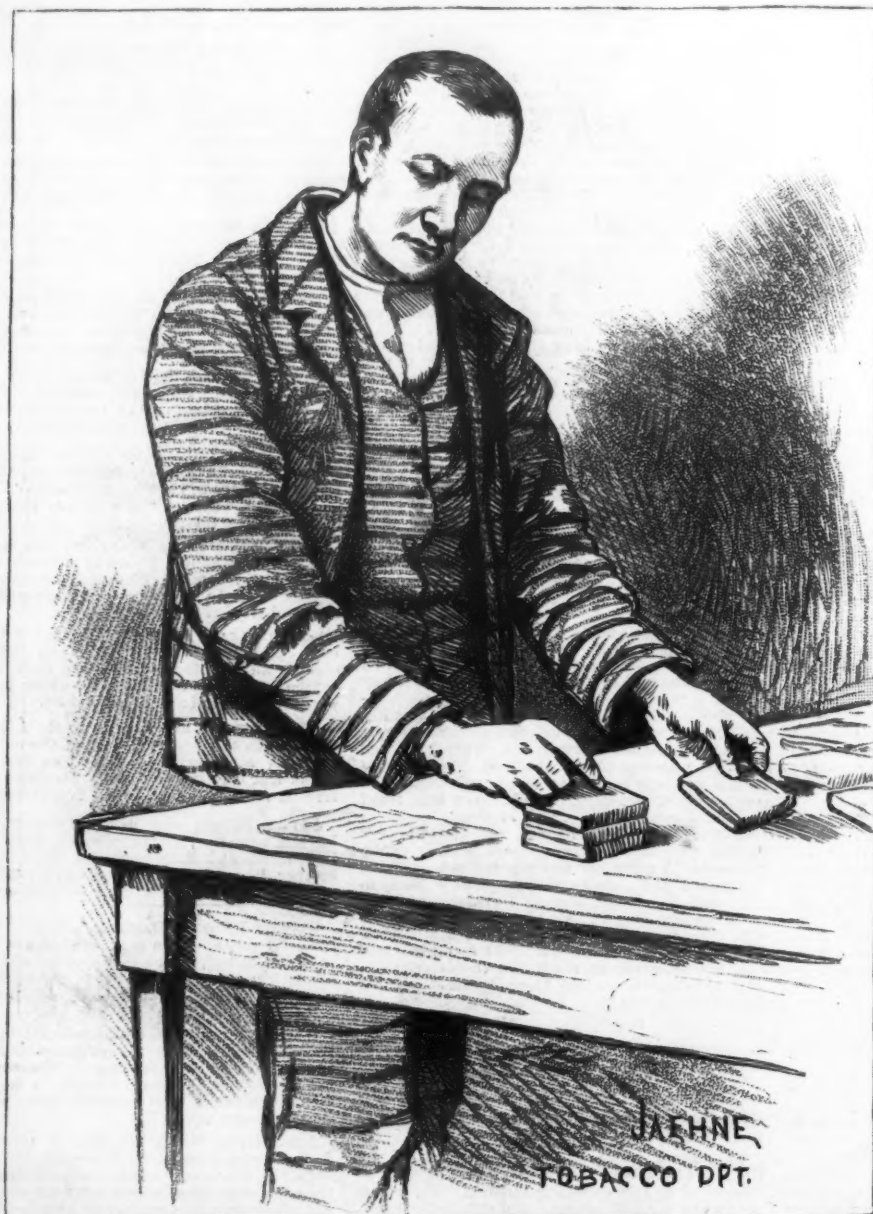
HENRY CLAY DEAN, a well-known Democratic politician and orator, died at his home in Missouri last week. Mr. Dean was at one time Chaplain of the United States Senate, was sixty-five years old, and a decided "character." He was a preacher as well as a politician, and there is not a section of country in Missouri, Iowa and Kansas that has not heard his exhortations and stump speeches.

AUGUSTUS LITTLEJOHN, a famous temperance orator, who preceded Gough in that field, and surpassed him in eloquence, recently applied to the poor authorities at Kalamazoo, Mich., for assistance to reach Schoolcraft. He was over eighty years of age, and walked with difficulty, supported by a cane in either hand. Bishop Littlejohn of Long Island, and the late DeWitt C. Littlejohn, of New York, were his nephews.

MR. PRATT, the recently appointed United States Minister to Persia, made his entry into Teheran amidst great pomp. Detachments of infantry and cavalry drawn up along the road saluted the Minister as he passed. On the following day he rode to court in "one of the imperial carriages, drawn by six horses, with postillions and outriders, and a long train of liveried attendants on foot and mounted guardsmen," and went home in the same magnificent vehicle. The Shah expressed his pleasure at receiving Minister Pratt, and asked after the health of his great friend, the President. Persia has no Minister at Washington, but probably will soon send one.

ZOLA AT HOME.

A PARIS correspondent of the New York Tribune says: "M. Zola has come into his Winter quarters in the Rue de Boulogne, in the Quartier Breda, a district very much inhabited by artists and demi-



A DAY AT SING SING PRISON.—SCENES IN THE RECEPTION AND WORK ROOM
FROM SKETCHES BY JOHN BECKER



ROOM—"APA, WHY DON'T YOU COME HOME?"
WORK ROOMS—SOME OF THE NOTABLE CONVICTS, AND THEIR EMPLOYMENTS.
BY JOHN BROKER.—SEE PAGE 10

A Million-Dollar Stake.

By REBECCA FORBES STURGIS,

Author of "A Miserable Mistake," "His Enemy's Daughter," "Adam Talmage's Wife," "A Husband of the Period," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Summer had gone by. The leaves had taken on their dress of gold- and -brown, and the people at the seashore found it too chilly to remain any longer.

Mr. Lippincott was one of the first to propose to return. He did not feel well. The first breath of Autumn chilled him, and Bessie hovered around him full of a thousand undefined fears. Some of their friends were going to Europe, and a trip to Europe, she was confident, would benefit her father. She spoke to her cousin as soon as they came down to the Cedars, and he advised her to use her influence to induce her father to go abroad.

"I shall go with him," she said, eagerly. "I would not trust him alone."

"Then I shall be left alone," he responded; but though he tried to throw some warmth into his tone, its coldness struck Bess instantly.

She looked at him silently, thoughtfully. Even though they were engaged, and he appeared so eager to get her consent to the engagement, she knew he was not happy, and a jealous pain, sharper than a knife, shot through her heart.

"He loves that woman yet," she thought. "I would not marry him while there is a wish for somebody else in his breast. I must go to Europe, and thus give him time either to recover from his infatuation or else to see how wicked it is of him to seek to bind me to a loveless life."

Her silence piqued him.

"You do not care if I am alone," he said, sadly.

She looked at him, a red flush streaking her brow.

"Our engagement has not made you any happier," she answered, gently, "and I have no wish to enter into your life unless my coming brings happiness. It will be best for us both that I go to Europe."

At that moment Mr. Lippincott entered the room, and put an end to further converse. Bess told him it was all settled; that he must go to Europe. She wanted to go, and William was sure the trip would be of benefit to him.

"After I am tied down, father, I shall not get a chance to have a vacation like this," she added, with assumed glee, "and so you must take me. I am not going to be put off."

He looked towards his nephew, and the latter hastened to reassure him.

"I think Bess ought to go, and I am sure a trip will benefit you more than any tonics."

"All right. I am ready to start at a week's notice," was the light response; but he added under his breath: "Young people have changed since I was young."

The second week in September found the pleasure-seekers abroad upon the sea. Dr. Lippincott did not feel at all satisfied with himself in their absence. He had said before he would get over his mad infatuation and commence life anew with Bess; but as soon as he had heard Jane's story, all his good resolutions had flown to the wind. He was wild with apprehension and regret all the time. Every spare moment he devoted to the study of poisons and their peculiar effect on the human system. He made himself almost an encyclopedia of information on that special subject. He knew he was not treating Bess—loving, forgiving and gentle Bess—as he should; and he was glad to have her leave him alone for a while.

"Surely by the time they return I will have learned to master myself," he thought. "I am ashamed of myself—I, who always boasted of a masterful will!"

He argued with himself that it was the knowledge that a crime had been contemplated and carried into execution that troubled him so exceedingly.

A couple of weeks passed by. He had heard from Bess, and had written a couple of letters which were far more satisfactory than his verbal communications had been.

At that time he came in, one day, to find on his table a card in an unfamiliar writing:

"Will Dr. Lippincott call at the residence of Dr. Charles Robbins and see a patient who is suffering from a very severe attack of a peculiar fever? Please call immediately."

There was no name, and he turned it over and looked at it carefully. Who could have written it and not have signed any name? If it had been the physician himself, he ought surely to have put his name to it; if somebody else had left the message, the doctor might resent his visit as an intrusion.

"I am going in that direction," he meditated, "and it will do no harm to call. I will take the card with me," and he tucked it in his breast-pocket.

He soon came to the place mentioned, and ringing the bell, was met by a girl.

"I am Dr. Lippincott," he observed, "and a card was left at my office inviting me to visit a patient here."

The girl went in with her message.

Dr. Robbins and Bogardus were both in Blossom's room. Each morning Robbins had brought Bogardus in to see her, as she was now murmuring and talking things which they understood not. Mrs. Robbins supposed Bogardus to be a physician, as her husband had already brought in two medical men to consult with; and as Bogardus's anxiety and sorrow increased with each hour, he was glad to avail himself of the privilege of seeing the object of his love when he could obtain permission.

In all the fair patient's ravings, the name of Lippincott was ever uppermost, and rang in Bo-

gardus's ear like a chant. That morning, going up the avenue, his eye was attracted by Dr. Lippincott's sign, and, on the spur of the moment, he went in and left the message.

"It will do no harm," he had said to Robbins. "If he is any relation, or ever knew her, he will recognize her; if not, you can consult with him, and say nothing."

"Bring him in," the doctor said, to the servant, in response to the message that Dr. Lippincott was waiting; and Bogardus stepped behind a portiere, so as to be out of sight, but still within hearing.

Dr. Lippincott advanced, spoke to Dr. Robbins, and then stepped closer to the bed. He gave one hurried glance; his face became whiter than the pillows on which the sick girl reclined, and his voice was husky as he exclaimed:

"My God! Madeline!"

He touched the thin hand caressingly, and then bent his head lower to hear what her ravings were. "Poor, poor child!" he muttered, and sank in a chair.

For a moment Dr. Robbins did not speak. He respected the strong man's evident emotion, and was sure he had now obtained a clew to his strange patient's identity.

"How came she here?" Dr. Lippincott asked, breaking the silence.

"You know her?" Dr. Robbins inquired, ignoring his question.

"I know her. No one who ever met Madeline Marsden ever could forget her," was the response.

"Madeline Marsden!" Bogardus repeated, under his breath, his face as white as that of the physician he had summoned. "That man loves her! Perhaps she loves him!" He wiped the perspiration from his brow. "I guess it is all up with you, my boy!"

"Then what do you think is the trouble with her?" Robbins asked.

"I must know how she came here, what treachery has been at work, before I can pretend to give an opinion," he responded, gravely. "I am only rejoiced she is alive. Oh, Madeline!"—he turned to the bed and laid his cool hand on her hot brow—"poor, poor child!"

Dr. Robbins stepped within the folds of the portiere.

"Shall I tell him all?" he queried.

"Tell him all save my name," he answered, between his set teeth. "I have put my hand to the plow, I cannot turn back," he whispered to himself, as if to still the restless beating of his own heart.

"It is a long story, Dr. Lippincott, a wild story," Robbins observed. "Only that the proof of it lies there on the pillow, you would not believe it."

Then in glowing words he told of his friend searching him up, bringing this sick girl there, and how she had come into his friend's care.

"Poor, poor child!" the doctor murmured again, as the wild, pitiful fancies of the diseased brain fell on his ear. "I wish I might see your friend. Heaven bless him! Yes, I too know a strange story about this patient, and that we may intelligently diagnose her case, I will tell it to you."

He told Robbins all—the strange marriage and the disappearance.

"You see, they must have obtained the knowledge some way that we were trying to tide her over the 6th, and thus outwitted us. Whether she is suffering simply from the poison of that plant, whether it means a destruction of the brain if it does not take her life, is more than I can tell. Of one thing we are certain. They have got her wealth, and carried her where she was found, that she might end her miserable existence in that strange, far-away country. Her rescue and this fever may save her. If, when the fever's course is run, she awakens sane, all is well. If not, then the light of reason will never dawn for her."

Bogardus was trying hard to restrain the throbbings of his heart. He was filled with horror.

"He loves her too, and that mad marriage has shut her from us both!"

He buried his face in his hands. If he could have got his hands on either the stepfather or Putney, they would have fared badly then.

"We will try to save her!" Robbins exclaimed.

"She must be saved!"

Lippincott extended his hand on that compact.

"We will save her!"

Now Lippincott's wonderful knowledge of poisons and their baneful consequences came into play. He stopped for an hour, and then went away, promising to return as soon as possible.

Bogardus came from his concealment, took his hat, went over to the bed, looked quietly at the woman he had saved, and then passed out.

His load seemed almost more than he could bear.

"Even if she was free, his right would be prior to mine," he whispered; "and she loved him, or else why would that name have lingered in her brain?"

It was for Lippincott she was always watching. Of that he felt assured. He went back to his office. He was almost determined to throw up the business arrangements he had entered into with his father, and set off again; then, upon second thought, he believed he would not abandon the field. Who knew what complications might yet arise, and Madeline be in need of his help?

Days passed—days of which we can give no adequate description. Never did three men watch over the bedside of one patient with so much solicitude.

Bess, ever alert now to all changes, instinctively felt that another change had come over her lover, for his letters were full of a vague uncertainty, and her heart was again harrowed with fear.

Blossom's fever had been of an almost unheard-of run, but at last they saw it was approaching a crisis.

"We will take turns now in watching her," Lippincott observed to Robbins. "We will not trust

her with just the nurse. When you are here I will make my calls; while I am here, you make yours."

"And every moment we can spare we will stay here together," Robbins rejoined. "Never a case known to recover, so your medical work declares; but we will prove it false."

(To be continued.)

A DAY IN THE SING SING PRISON.

ON one of those recent midwinter days of sunshine, when the brightness of all outdoors seemed enough to deaden by contrast even the most cheerful of interiors, a small party of artists and newspaper men from the city paid a visit of inspection to the State Prison at Sing Sing. Distant only an hour's ride by rail from New York, occupying one of the fairest sites on the Hudson's shores, and directly in the path of travel, the great penal establishment, with its grim walls, high-perched sentry-boxes and smoking chimneys, is a conspicuous landmark to the thousands of people who pass it daily on boat or train. Public interest in the place is augmented at the present time by the actual or prospective residence there of a group of distinguished malefactors, whose doings and trials have been, in almost a national sense, celebrated cases. Almost everybody would like to "do" the prison; but the privilege of making the complete tour is seldom granted to strangers, and never to ladies.

Dismounting from the prison-coach at the Warden's office, which fronts the steep hill to the eastward, we tried to imagine ourselves a batch of newly arrived convicts, coming to serve out our terms of, say, ten or fifteen years each. But this was preposterous, in the face of the courteous greeting which we immediately received from the governor of the domain. Warden Brush is a portly gentleman, who looks very much like the Hon. James G. Blaine, though less frosty as to hair and beard. He is from Foughkeepsie. Ten years' experience of convicts within the prison and tiresome visitors from without has neither hardened his heart nor roughened his manner. Beter still, his administration is marked by a spirit of judicious philanthropy which has brought about many a sorely needed reform.

We had scarcely entered the door, when we saw two or three boyish-looking convicts, evidently errand-runners, clad in the rough uniform of hoddens-gray, with narrowish though pronounced black stripes. Passing into the Prison Office proper, we observed that the register indicated a convict population of 1,588. The vast majority of these are young men, and Warden Brush afterwards informed us that the average age is about twenty-seven years. Nominally, all must be over nineteen years of age; but boys of sixteen and seventeen are occasionally passed off as older by their parents, so that they may get a year or two at Sing Sing in preference to five years at the House of Refuge.

Near this office is the room where the prisoners are permitted to receive the visits of their families and friends, once in two months. This is the prison headquarters of State Detective Jackson, whose keen eyes keep a lookout for contraband articles, and also see that no ex-convict passes those guarded doors as a visitor. In an adjoining corridor were piled a number of open boxes and baskets, containing cakes, pies, canned fruits, oranges, sugar and other dainties, together with a tiny rug or two, and some knickknacks for adorning the walls of cells. Another comfort which is permitted and recommended is a narrow hair mattress, to replace the ordinary bag of straw on which the prisoners sleep. Any article of food which does not require further preparation may be received; but cigars and spirituous liquors are strictly prohibited.

"We used to be puzzled," said Warden Brush, "at occasionally finding a prisoner in a state of exhilaration which the ordinary beverages, coffee and water, could not have produced. It occurred to us to sound these tin cans of fruit, and we discovered that in many cases the cover had been scientifically raised, and a pint or so of good whisky or brandy substituted for the natural juice. Now we prod every can to make sure that the contents are unsophisticated."

To reach the Principal Keeper's office it was necessary to pass through that section of the prison where the narrow whitewashed cells rise, tier upon tier. Everything was scrupulously clean; pure air and sunshine streamed in from the long corridor looking out upon the yard; yet this vista of sepulchral stone walls and narrow, barred doors was the saddest and dreariest that we encountered at Sing Sing.

The office of Principal Keeper James Connaughton, on the ground floor, opens upon the yard, through which gangs of convicts file in lockstep to their meals, in the basement of a large stone building opposite. Mr. Connaughton is the direct organizer and disciplinarian of the entire force of convicts. His position is one of arduous responsibility, which a man of less firmness could not maintain for a single day. He is an erect, powerfully built man of medium height, with a smooth, clear-cut face and steel-blue eyes. Though somewhat taciturn himself, he is much talked about, and has been made a conspicuous figure in certain sensational stories relating in graphic style things that never happened at Sing Sing. There is, indeed, a "punishment-room"; and being situated in close proximity to Mr. Connaughton's office, it is the first place he shows us. Whoever expects to find here a repetition of the dungeons and torture-chambers of Chillon will be disappointed. It contains about a score of cells, which may be completely darkened by closing a wooden door outside the iron-barred one. None of these were occupied at the time of our visit. There are also two machines for suspending rebellious convicts by the thumbs, and raising them on tiptoe. This is a severe punishment, seldom resorted to; and the toughest subject cannot stand it for more than half a minute. Minor penalties consist of cutting off a prisoner's tobacco privilege, or depriving him of his place at the head of a column in the march to meals, should he chance to hold that coveted position.

Under the guidance of Mr. Connaughton, we made quite a thorough tour of the workshops. These were, at the time of our visit, perfect hives of industry, employing over 1,000 convicts at stove-making, shoe-making and laundry-work. The iron works are extensive, and very picturesque. One passes through heavy doors, grimy gates, under tumble-down sheds, and down long lanes hemmed in by heaps of iron, rows of stoves, or molding-apparatus. Here and there stand superannuated old furnaces, looming up giganticly in the deep shadows. Workmen dart mysteriously hither and thither, trundling wheelbarrows or hauling trucks. Then we emerge into the molding-rooms, and a most animated scene they present. The men have thrown off their striped coats

and caps, which, with their bright-colored bandanna handkerchiefs, hang about on beams and hooks. The fires glow, and the clangor of machinery is heard, but not a word is spoken. Sparrows twitter in the blackened rafters overhead, and shafts of brilliant sunlight pierce the smoky atmosphere. The men work with a will, never looking up, though many a furtive glance is cast at us as we turn to go out. Through the fitting, finishing and packing departments, to where the perfect stoves are sent out, we observe the same almost feverish activity among the workmen. It is to them a welcome distraction; and the only prisoners who looked really discontented and miserable were those shut up in the cell tiers in temporary idleness. Strange to say, no one dreads the calamity of being "out of work" more than the State Prison convict. That, however, will soon be the unhappy predicament of practically the whole force at Sing Sing; for the State has just abolished contract labor in the prisons. As no other employment has been provided to replace the existing contracts, which are about to expire, the convicts will have nothing to do. The cost of their maintenance will be increased, and the question of discipline complicated.

In the bakery we saw half-a-dozen men working around the margin of a sea of dough, while others took from the ovens a pile of huge, square, well-browned loaves. The staff of life at Sing Sing is commendably sound and wholesome. In an adjoining room, two striped worthies are employed at the not ungrateful task of preparing and putting up the packages of tobacco—good for either smoking or chewing—which are issued to the convicts every Saturday night. In one of these men we recognize the first of the celebrities for whom we are naturally keeping an eye open—Henry W. Jaehne, ex-President of the New York Board of Aldermen. Alas, poor Jaehne! Where be your gibes now? your "combines"? your "boodle"?

Hundreds of men are at work in the laundry—not upon their own linen, but starching and ironing shirts by wholesale for some New York firm. We see a good many negroes here, and one or two Italians with gold earrings, but not a single Chinaman. Up stairs, in a large, well-lighted room, filled with racks and packing-cases, we encounter ex-Alderman McQuade. McQuade made a hard fight, and spent most of his \$25,000 "boodle" money in trying to keep out of Sing Sing; but now that he is here, he makes the best of a bad "deal," and goes about his work of drying shirts with an unabashed and somewhat cynical air.

The next department visited was the shoeshop, where, by means of improved machinery, coarse boots and shoes are turned out at the rate of a pair in two minutes. One machine pours out wooden shoepegs by the quart, and another reels off the brass wire which helps to keep soles and uppers together. De Leon, the "astrologer," is learning a new trade in this department.

As the dinner-hour—12 m.—was approaching, we crossed the yard to the refectory—a vast, low hall, where narrow wooden tables and benches were ranged in seemingly interminable rows upon a stone floor. A tin plate and a tin basin were set for each prisoner. On each plate were three pieces of cold beef, flanked by a formidable slab of bread. The basin was for the hot soup which would be served as soon as the seats were occupied. At the end of each table was placed a larger tin basin, containing the *hors d'œuvre* of the repast. It consisted of pickled beets, vulgarly known as "soaked bum." Knife, fork and spoon are dealt out to the prisoner as he enters, and deposited by him in a basket at the door after the meal.

Standing by the door of the keeper's office, we watched the gangs from the different shops march in the lockstep across the yard to dinner, looking like gigantic gray centipedes. It was here that we caught our first glimpse of Ferdinand Ward, the fallen prodigy of finance.

By the precautions he takes to avoid being seen, Ward makes himself the most conspicuous man in the prison. His cap is slouched over his eyes, and the collar of his regulation coat is turned up around his ears. He was careful to present only the back of his head to the group of visitors as he marched along. A little after him came ex-Police Sergeant Crowley, who about a year and a half ago entered upon his term of seventeen years. Crowley is a burly, black-haired fellow, who looks his character of criminal more thoroughly than any of the other well-known New York convicts, with the possible exception of the mud-builder, Buddensiek.

After dinner we made a more careful inspection of the cells. The most striking thing about them here is their cleanliness and good ventilation. Six men are continually employed in taking care of the cells, every one of which is newly whitewashed once a month. Each cell contains a bed, which is strapped up against the wall when not in use, a shelf, and an oil lamp suspended in one corner. Some cells are otherwise completely bare, though most of them contain a book or two, some photograph or print on the wall, or perhaps a plain mat on the floor. Ward's cell is quite tastefully decorated with portraits, stereoscopic views, etc. Characteristic of the occupant's tastes is the elaborately printed menu of some banquet which he attended in New York before his wings were clipped. This interesting souvenir, pinned upon the wall opposite his bed, enables its possessor to enjoy a perpetual Barmecide feast, which surely no one can begrudge him. Ward runs a printing-press in one of the offices, and has a series of ingenious pretexts which enable him to make frequent trips from one department of the prison to another. We encountered him twice during the day, moving deliberately across the yard, muffled so that little of his face except the nose was visible. He has something over five years more of this sort of thing to endure, ere his term, commuted from ten years to seven years and nine months, shall be served out.

Warden Brush having personally taken us in hand again, we called at "No. 5," the apothecary's shop, and visited the hospital. There were sixteen patients here, and none of them "shamming," for they would prefer to be at work. The Warden called them all by name, and had a kind word for each. We had observed, in one of the lower corridors, a posted notice in his handwriting, forbidding any keeper or other person to call a prisoner by an offensive name, or address him in insulting language. We found the well-equipped library in charge of no less a personage than Rosa Raymond, the brilliant ex-journalist, novelist, swindler, and artist in general rascality. He is apparently under forty years of age, and has the face of an actor, with the corporation of an elderman. In a little carpenter-shop, Buddensiek, the builder, was discovered, at work upon a wooden table to be used in the tailoring department. His is a queer, hypocritical-looking face, indicating a brainish intellect, though the eyes are small and

shrewd. Even now he is trying to build tumble-down tenements by proxy; and probably no term of imprisonment would effect the least change in his character or purposes. Afterwards we went to the large shop where old clothes and shoes are patched up, and new uniforms cut and made. Here, too, provision is made for furnishing each prisoner set free in winter-time with a good, warm overcoat, to which he may add a velvet collar at his own expense if he likes. A curious rule also prevails by which an outgoer may select articles of clothing from the stock confiscated from newly arrived prisoners; so that one need not be startled to see a man walking Broadway, perchance, in Ferdinand Ward's unmentionables and the Spring overcoat of a hoodlum Alderman.

Of the night-school for illiterate convicts, started by Warden Brush three years ago, and now in a flourishing condition, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has already given some account, pictorially and otherwise. It is a work of humanity and reform, which any philanthropist might be proud to have founded. There are two Prison Chaplains, and their sermons are reported in shorthand every Sunday by Warden Brush's daughters, who afterwards copy them on the typewriter, and bind them for preservation.

When, finally, we brought up where we had started, in the cheerful apartments of the Warden and his family, the canary-birds were singing in their cages by the windows, where the afternoon sunshine sifted in through the leafless vines. These little life-prisoners were contented and cheerful enough, for they were "used to it," and thought of no other fate. And so it seemed to be with many of the human prisoners, who, with cares dormant and conscience stilled, moved tranquilly along the worn groove of this strange, pathetic death-in-life.

H. T.

THE GREAT GOGEBIC IRON RANGE.

A VAST forest covers all of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan. In 1873 a memorable cyclone swept through it, leaving a clean opening one-half mile wide and seventy miles in length, destroying thirty-five square miles of timber, valued at a half million dollars. A strolling miner, starving, and hastening, pick in hand, to discover friendly shelter, crossed the path of the cyclone on the Gogebic Mountains. Under the upturned roots of a giant tree he saw a mountain of ore, and looking at the precipitous streams, he saw blood-red water tumbling down towards Lake Superior, discolored with the rich ores. The wandering miner of yesterday was Captain Nathaniel D. Moore, the millionaire of to-day. For ten years he labored to convince people of the richness in store for them, but the impenetrable character of the forest and the distance from railways and shipping caused capital to look coldly on his statements.

Several years ago a fellow-laborer, who had saved a little money, concluded to invest it with Captain Moore, and they began work on the now famous Colby Mine. In June, 1886, when \$100,000 would have been considered a bonanza for the mine, some capitalists took hold of it, and in six months would not sell it for \$5,000,000. Some changes have occurred in the forest since that month of June. For fifteen miles along the range there is to-day a solid wall of rude, unpainted houses, huts and tents, and through sixty square miles can be heard the busy sounds of machinery, tools, and the hum of industry. First, miners rushed in, hauling machinery through the woods and over the hills to their located claims. Then the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway pushed across the Peninsula from Watersmeet to Ashland, along the base of the range, constructing switch tracks to each mine. To-day there are three little cities with 2,000 inhabitants each, Wakefield, Bessemer and Hurley, and 20,000 people, on the range. The Wisconsin Central has pushed its way in, and a half-dozen roads are following with all rapidity.

The Gogebic Iron Range stretches equi-distant in Northern Michigan and Wisconsin for sixty miles. It comprises a high range of hills termed mountains by tenderfeet. There are two veins of ore running parallel, 350 feet apart, each averaging from 30 to 150 feet in width, and of unknown depth and capacity. The location of the range may be said to be forty miles south of and parallel with Lake Superior. The ore is pure Bessemer hematite of the highest quality, and so soft that it crumbles in the hand. The first season's production for the year 1886 was 750,000 tons. There are about sixty mines in active operation.

The methods of securing the ore are generally quite simple. The mines on the mountain-tops are the easiest worked. The ore here is shoveled out to trucks, which are run on tramways to the convenient railway side tracks, and dumped through a slide into a big pocket, which in turn empties into the box-cars underneath. The cars are run to Ashland and unloaded into vessel-holds from the ore-docks in the same manner. The valley mines are worked differently and more expensively. While the ore crops out on the surface of the mountains, it is found about 250 feet below the valley levels. Erosion, of course, caused the valleys, and erosion swept out the ore to that depth, and then filled up the space partially with debris. Tunnels are first sunk, and the ore hauled up the shafts on skip tracks. The work on the surface mines is done by "open stripping" from immense pits. A stripping-machine is used which carries away the debris on cables to the dump. These machines seem quite human, and take hold of boulders or dirt indifferently, and rush away with their loads to the dumps very much as the spoon of a dredge operates. The ore differs in quality on the surface about five per cent., but as the shaft sinks it assumes a stable form of about sixty-five per cent. pure Bessemer hematite. All of these ores are within the Bessemer limit.

The leading mine, the Colby, is now largely owned by the proprietors of the Wisconsin Central Railway. It is located on a high hill overlooking Bessemer, and the proprietors have built there a mountain club house, with all modern comforts.

Many fortunes have been made on this range in the legitimate way. There were the Hayes Brothers, of Ashland, young lawyers with but \$3,000 between them. They invested this money at an early day, and have since refused to sell the Germania and Ashland Mines, although \$1,000,000 each has been offered. Mr. Frederick Ayer, bro-

ther of the late J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., who had \$50,000,000 left him from the patent medicine estate, invested there early. Last Fall he disposed of eighteen mines for \$1,800,000. Many poor men have been made rich, and many rich men richer.

Numerous instances of pluck are recorded. The Hayes Brothers were told when they purchased the Germania Mine that it was "bottomed on rock," and worthless, and that there was no ore beneath the rock. However, they worked away, and after sinking a shaft 250 feet deep, struck the vein, which can never be exhausted. There is the case of the Puritan Mine, on the mountain opposite the Colby. Jackson and Collins, of Chicago, went into the forest there, and prospected by digging several hundred holes over a square mile of area, and were rewarded, after the most painful discouragement, by finding both veins. To-day, the Puritan Mine is the rival of the Colby. Captain Moore, already mentioned, and his partner, Mr. Benjamin, lost a fortune at the outset, and after exasperating discouragements, awoke many times a millionaire each.

The great mines now in active operation number 66. These produce various amounts up to 200,000 tons per season. They cover 35,940 acres, and are valued at about \$70,000,000. This represents a portion of the increase of property supposed to be valueless two years ago.

WM. HOSIA BALLOU.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S EXAMPLE AS A WATER-DRINKER.

A "TRIBUNE" correspondent writes: "At the dinner given by the President and Mrs. Cleveland to the Diplomatic Corps on the 3d inst., forty out of the forty-one plates were marked by glasses for seven wines. At Mrs. Cleveland's plate there was a goblet of ice-water and a glass for Apollinaris. This silent expression in favor of temperance by the mistress of the White House ought to satisfy the strongest advocates of total abstinence, even in the Women's Christian Temperance Union. There has been some curiosity and a good deal of honest interest to know what the President's young wife would do in this regard when the ordeal of the Diplomatic dinner presented itself. It has been known that, among her friends, Mrs. Cleveland never touched wine, and it has been quietly whispered that she would have the courage to decline it on official occasions. Early in the Autumn the wife of Secretary Whitney gave a luncheon in honor of the President's wife. Soon after, certain resolutions, said to have been adopted by the Temperance Union, were published in some of the newspapers. They were, in effect, a request that the President's wife should commit herself to the cause of temperance by frowning down the use of wines at social entertainments given by official people. She was called upon to be an example. Referring to this a few days after, when talking with a visitor, Mrs. Cleveland said: 'It seems incredible that these resolutions should be genuine. They know how I feel about it, and need no words from me to prove that I am in favor of temperance. Miss Frances E. Willard is a dear personal friend of mine, and she knows so well what my feelings are on the temperance question.'

"The first dinner at which Mrs. Cleveland presided as hostess was given three weeks ago to the Cabinet. The absence of wineglasses from her plate then was less observed, as it was well known to most of the guests that she drank no wine. It was, perhaps, an easy thing to drink cold water when the guests were personal friends, and not to drink wine was no test of moral courage. Mrs. Hayes, it will be remembered, included her diplomatic guests when she drank water and gave them no wine. Of course it caused offense. Diplomats who have all their lives drank wine at home have no notion of drinking ice-water, when invited out. Mrs. Cleveland has made no mistake, if indeed she has not profited by Mrs. Hayes's error. The President gave seven wines to the diplomats and had the seven himself. But Mrs. Cleveland, just across the table, 'drank her cold water bravely and sweetly, and looked too lovely for anything,' as one of the guests said the next day. 'There were wineglasses to the right of her and wineglasses to the left of her,' said another guest, 'the Haytian Minister with seven on her right and Secretary Bayard with seven on her left, but still she did not falter,' laughing, but with approval in his voice. It would seem that Mrs. Cleveland's courage to take what she felt to be the right step at the beginning was very generally admired by the foreign guests. It was so simply and gracefully done, and so naturally, that while observed, it nevertheless created no surprise. It seemed to belong to her as a woman who has from time to time proved herself a strong character. The Women's Temperance Union can have no further doubts, and could ask for no more practical illustration of temperance principles than the pretty mistress of the White House gave at her first Diplomatic dinner. There was no half-way action, not even the form of glasses at her plate, but the plain, openly acknowledged admission that if all the world drank wine she alone would drink cold water."

THE SUN'S HEAT.

In a recent address before the Royal Institution of London, Professor Sir William Thomson expounded the latest dynamical theories regarding the "probable origin, total amount, and possible duration, of the sun's heat." During the short 3,000 years or more of which men possess historic records there was, the learned physicist showed, no trace of variation in solar energy; and there was no distinct evidence of it even though the earth as a whole, from being nearer the sun, received in January 6½ per cent. more heat than in July.

But in the millions of years which geology carried us back, it might safely be said there must have been great changes. How had the solar fires been maintained during those ages? The scientific answer to this question was the theory of Helmholtz, that the sun was a vast globe gradually cooling, but as it cooled shrinking, and that the shrinkage—which was the effect of gravity upon its mass—kept up its temperature. The total of the sun's heat was equal to that which would be required to keep up 476,000 millions of millions of millions horse-power, or about 78,000 horse-power for every square meter—a little more than a square yard—and yet the modern dynamical theory of heat shows that the sun's mass would require only to fall in or contract thirty-five meters per annum to keep up that tremendous energy. At this rate the solar radius in 2,000 years' time would be about one-hundredth per cent. less than at present.

A time would come when the temperature would fall, and it was thus inconceivable that the sun would continue to emit heat sufficient to sustain existing life on the globe for more than 10,000,000 years. Applying the same principles retrospectively, they could not suppose that the sun had ex-

isted for more than twenty million years—no matter what might have been its origin—whether it came into existence from the clash of worlds pre-existing, or of diffused nebulous matter. There was a great clinging by geologists and biologists to vastly longer periods, but the physicist, treating it as a dynamic question with calculable elements, could come to no other conclusion materially different from what he had stated.

Sir William Thomson declined to discuss any chemical source of heat, which, whatever its effect when primeval elements first came into contact, was absolutely insignificant compared with the effects of gravity, after globes like the sun and the earth had been formed. In all these speculations they were in the end driven to the ultimate elements of matter; to the question—when they thought what became of all the sun's heat—What is the luminiferous ether that fills space? and to that most wonderful form of force upon which Faraday spent so much of the thought of his later years—gravity.

UNDERGROUND WIRES IN WAR.

ADVICES from Paris state that General Boulanger, the French War Minister, has been awakened to the military importance of underground telegraph wires, by the report of the German Postmaster-general, and has issued orders for the laying of a number of underground wires to connect the various military centres. The German Postmaster-general admits that the underground system is not universal; that Germany has a large network of overhead wires, and recognizes their points of superiority to underground wires, such as their transmitting power and greater economy in fixing; but Germany is above all things a military power, and to its military efficiency all other things are made subordinate. It is not only for protecting the wires from snow and the tempest, but for protecting their communications in case of invasion, that the German Government has decided to have an additional and precautionary underground system. No doubt invaders might dig up and break underground wires, but fugitives and stragglers would scarcely have the time to do what might be done by a single blow and without a moment's delay to overhead wires. But more important still, an enemy could not tap underground wires for the purpose of obtaining information regarding army movements, etc., with the same facility that he could overhead wires. The latter point is said to be the chief factor in the adoption of the underground system by Germany. The wires are buried only a meter deep, which is considered, with the additional protection of the pipe, to be an ample security against heat and cold. Nor is the expense, considering the great advantages gained in a military point of view, by any means excessive. Germany takes care that all her most important inland routes and all the main arteries which communicate with other countries are beyond the danger of disablement by a casual snowstorm. The chief network of underground wires which connects all the military and commercial centres of the empire forms a total length of 5,463 kilometers, and cost only about \$7,500,000. All the routes of the underground wires connecting important military posts are reported to be lined with Krupp's heliote shell torpedoes, making it dangerous for any one except the engineer officers in charge of the secret to dig up the wires.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

It is predicted that the new Boston Court House will cost \$5,000,000.

MR. LABOUCHERE declares that it costs the British people \$2,500 a year to feed the pheasants in the royal parks.

THE German Post-office authorities are making extensive experiments with a view to connecting the whole of Germany by the telephone.

ANOTHER big Knight of Labor co-operative community is being established at Tennessee City, fifty miles from Memphis. The Knights have bought a tract of 120,000 acres, with an idle iron furnace, and some lands supposed to contain ore, and they hope to get 1,000 families to settle in the region.

A VERY old Turkish watch, taken in 1686 among the spoils when the City of Buda, Hungary, was relieved by the Emperor Leopold's army, is now in possession of a famous London firm. It is of the Nuremberg egg shape, has but one hand, and is marked with Arabic numerals. The face is also arranged as a calendar for readers of Arabic. It was shown at the London Exhibition of 1862, and at others since. It is considered one of the oldest forms of the watch extant.

THE inhabitants of Baku, the centre of the great Russian petroleum fields, were much alarmed last week over a subterranean explosion which shook houses and caused considerable damage. At the same time a volcano burst forth at Lokbatan, ten miles from Baku. For two nights the volcano threw a column of fire and mud 350 feet high, illuminating the country for miles around. The mud emitted during the eruption already lies from seven to fourteen feet deep over a full square mile of territory.

CENTRALIA, Ill., is known as the Strawberry Queen, because the culture of this fruit is the principal industry of the place. Two years ago twenty-two carloads were shipped in a single day, and last season a train of eighteen cars went out loaded with this fruit. This was the heaviest single shipment, but fourteen to sixteen carloads is no uncommon daily shipment in the height of the season. The population of Centralia has doubled during the last few years, and this increase is due to the strawberry.

"FEMININE vanity," said a Buffalo florist, recently, "is willing to make any sacrifice. You would scarcely think it, but for months we have been doing a rushing trade at the rate of a dollar a dozen for the stems of roses. The ladies get the genuine stems and fasten to them artificial buds. Few persons would be able to tell them from the genuine article. This practice has injured the trade in expensive roses so much that we are obliged to protect ourselves, and to-day you cannot buy rose-stems a cent cheaper than you can the flowers."

OUR cotton-growers may be interested in the statement that there are now in Bokhara 1,000,000 pounds, or 36,000,000 pounds, of cotton waiting to be carried to Russia on the new Transcaspian Railway. It has been ascertained that there are in the newly acquired region 1,000,000 acres of land now watered by the Murghab that can be used for growing cotton. A company of Americans recently tried to buy a part of this land, but was unsuccessful. Moscow capital proposes to monopolize it. Already the Government has been urged to subsidize the industry.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE recent severe weather has caused serious losses of cattle in the ranges of Montana and Dakota.

THE Louisiana Supreme Court has declared the Sunday law passed at the last session of the Legislature unconstitutional.

A COMPANY has been formed in Brussels for the construction of railways in the Congo State and the settlement of that territory.

CONGRESS has passed a Bill prohibiting the importation and immigration of foreigners and aliens under contract or agreement to perform labor.

MOHAMMEDANS will celebrate Queen Victoria's Jubilee in their mosques throughout India with special prayers for the stability and welfare of the empire.

THE French commanders along the German frontier have been ordered to avoid all exercises of their troops likely to be falsely interpreted by Germany.

THE powder-mills in the United States are all unusually active, and it is believed that some of them are shipping large quantities of explosives to France and Germany.

IN his inaugural message to the Legislature, Governor Taylor of Tennessee recommends that a prohibitory constitutional amendment be submitted to a popular vote.

IT is said that Prince Bismarck has succeeded in establishing a coalition between Austria, England and Italy against Russia. Germany will join the coalition if France supports Russia.

AN order has been received by a firm in Lyons, France, from London for 2,800,000 pocket-handkerchiefs, with Queen Victoria's picture on them, for the occasion of her coming "golden jubilee."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has vetoed the Dependent Soldier's Pension Bill, by which untold millions would be taken from the Treasury. It is to be hoped that the effort to pass the Bill over the veto will fail.

THE New York longshoremen's strike has failed, the places of the strikers having been filled by men eager for work, and very little inconvenience is now felt by the commerce of the port. The coal-handlers have also been beaten.

OWING to heavy snows and the blockade of railway travel, there has been a fuel famine in some parts of the Northwest. At Fort Benton, in Montana, coal was last week \$60 a ton, and very difficult to obtain even at that figure.

THE Belgian Government has asked for a preliminary credit of 19,000,000 francs, for fortifications and guns. The French Chamber of Deputies has passed the extra budgets of \$17,200,000 for the army and \$6,000,000 for the navy.

THE annual report of the Commissioner of Patents shows that the total number of applications filed during the last year was 41,442, and the number of patents issued was 23,915. The total receipts were \$1,154,551, and the expenditures \$992,503.

IT is stated by an official of the Pullman Palace Car Company that the cars of that company will shortly "be heated in such a manner that the lives of passengers will no longer be endangered by fire, and such horrors as the Vermont affair be impossible."

THE officers of some of the leading railroad companies of the country are wisely studying the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act, and preparing to live up to its requirements. The officials of the Pennsylvania Road have been foremost in accepting the Act.

THE Republicans of the Pennsylvania Legislature have redeemed their promise made to the people in the last campaign, and have passed in both Houses a joint resolution providing for the submission of the question of a prohibition amendment to a vote of the people.

A PROPOSITION has been introduced in the Illinois Legislature to extend the boundaries of Chicago so as to have the city embrace all of Cook County. The proposal contemplates the abolishment of the dual city and county government and the consolidation of their several powers in one legislative body.

THE large picture of "Christ before Pilate," by the Hungarian painter Munkacsy, which is now on exhibition in New York, has become the property of Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia. The purchase was made for a price, it is said, higher than has ever been paid before for a modern painting. Mr. Wanamaker bought at the same time two smaller works by Munkacsy for his private gallery.

SO FAR as has been ascertained, thirty-four persons were killed and thirty-six injured by the recent disaster at Woodstock Bridge, on the Vermont Central Railway. It is now said that the accident was caused by a broken axle on the truck of one of the Pullman cars. This, with a broken rail, threw the car from the track before it reached the bridge, when it toppled into the river, dragging other cars with it.

TRANSATLANTIC travelers, and all persons having occasion to send cable dispatches, find it to their advantage to provide themselves with the "American Exchange" Social Telegraph Code, compiled under the direction of Mr. Henry F. Gillig, and published in London, Paris and New York. Not only is a great pecuniary saving accomplished by the condensation of messages according to the code, but telegrams sent at any hour of the day or night through the American Exchange at London or Paris are forwarded with a promptness and certainty that would be impossible through other channels of communication.

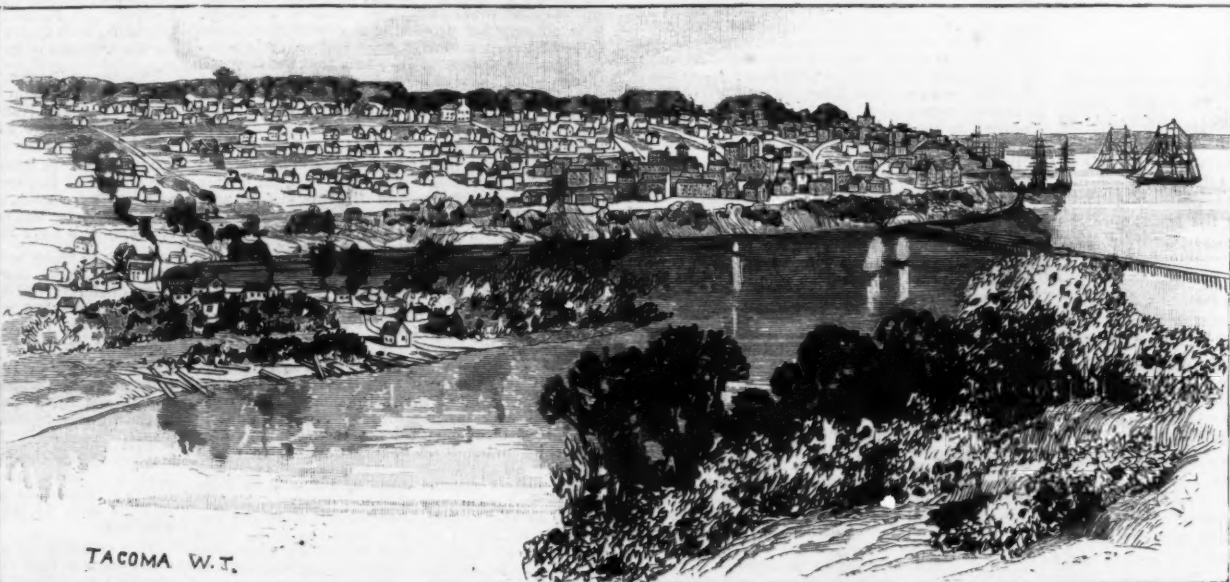
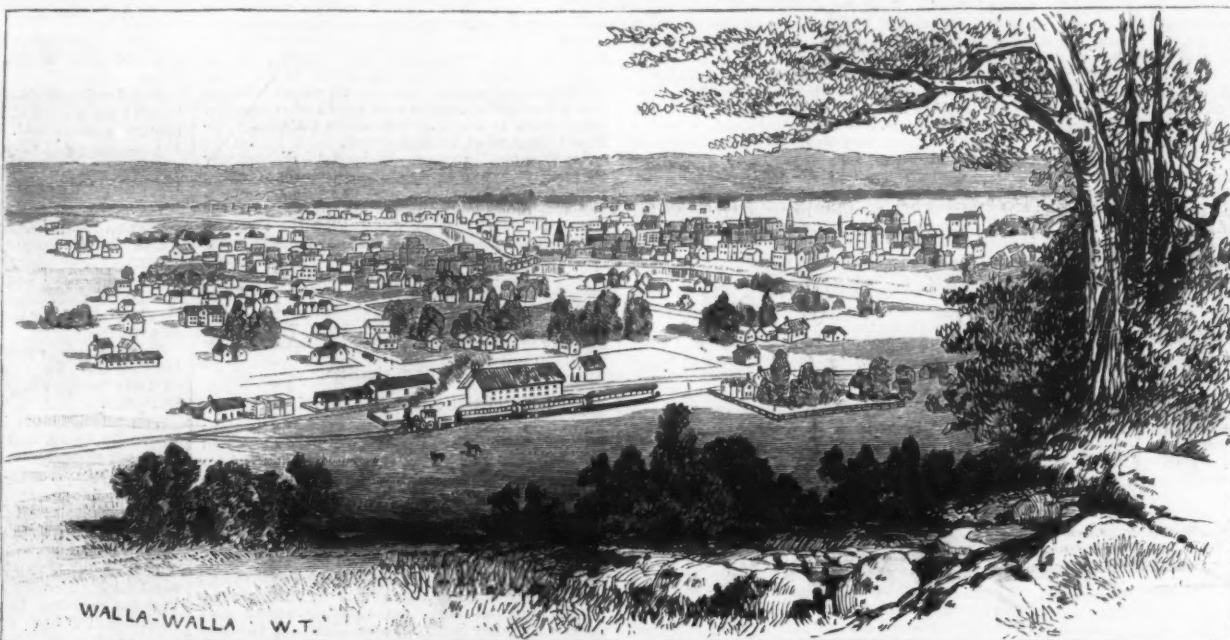
THE Republican majority in the next Senate will be reduced one, but even with a Democratic Senator from New Jersey in place of General Sewell, a Democrat from Indiana in place of "Ben" Harrison, and two Democrats in West Virginia, the Republicans will still have a majority. As the list now stands, and assuming that Mr. Turpie will be admitted from Indiana, that a Democratic Senator will be appointed from Florida in place of Mr. Jones, that West Virginia will choose a Democrat, and that a Democrat will be elected in New Jersey, the Democrats will have thirty-seven Senators and the Republicans thirty-nine. "The thirty-nine Republicans will include Riddleberger, who, as the New York Times says, 'is an uncertain quantity, and who might become offended at the Republicans some day and go over to the other side. That would tie the Senate. He is not quite the balance of power in the Senate, but he can unbalance things there in a very uncomfortable way, if he is so disposed.'"

TOWNS
IN WASHINGTON
TERRITORY.

TWO of the most interesting and progressive young towns of the extreme Northwest are illustrated on this page. One is Tacoma, W. T., beautifully situated on the eastern shore of Puget's Sound, and the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Tacoma has to-day a population of over 7,000, and probably more building has been done there during the past year or two than in all the other towns on the Sound combined. It is a great lumber centre, the Tacoma Mill Company alone cutting over 50,000,000 feet annually. The climate is mild for the latitude, the mean temperature being 65° in Summer, and 30° in Winter.

Walla Walla, on the Walla Walla River, is the capital of the county of the same aboriginal name, lying in the southeastern part of Washington Territory, bordering on Oregon. It is the eastern terminus of the Walla Walla and Columbia River Railroad, and is a close rival of Tacoma in point of growth and population. Walla Walla is the centre of the most productive wheat and oat district in the Territory. Cattle, wool, hay and butter are also staple products.

Both Tacoma and Walla Walla have in view the immediate extension of their railroad facilities. Articles were filed last year, incorporating the Tacoma Southern Railway Company, who propose to run a new road in a southerly direction towards the Cascade Mountains, through the magni-



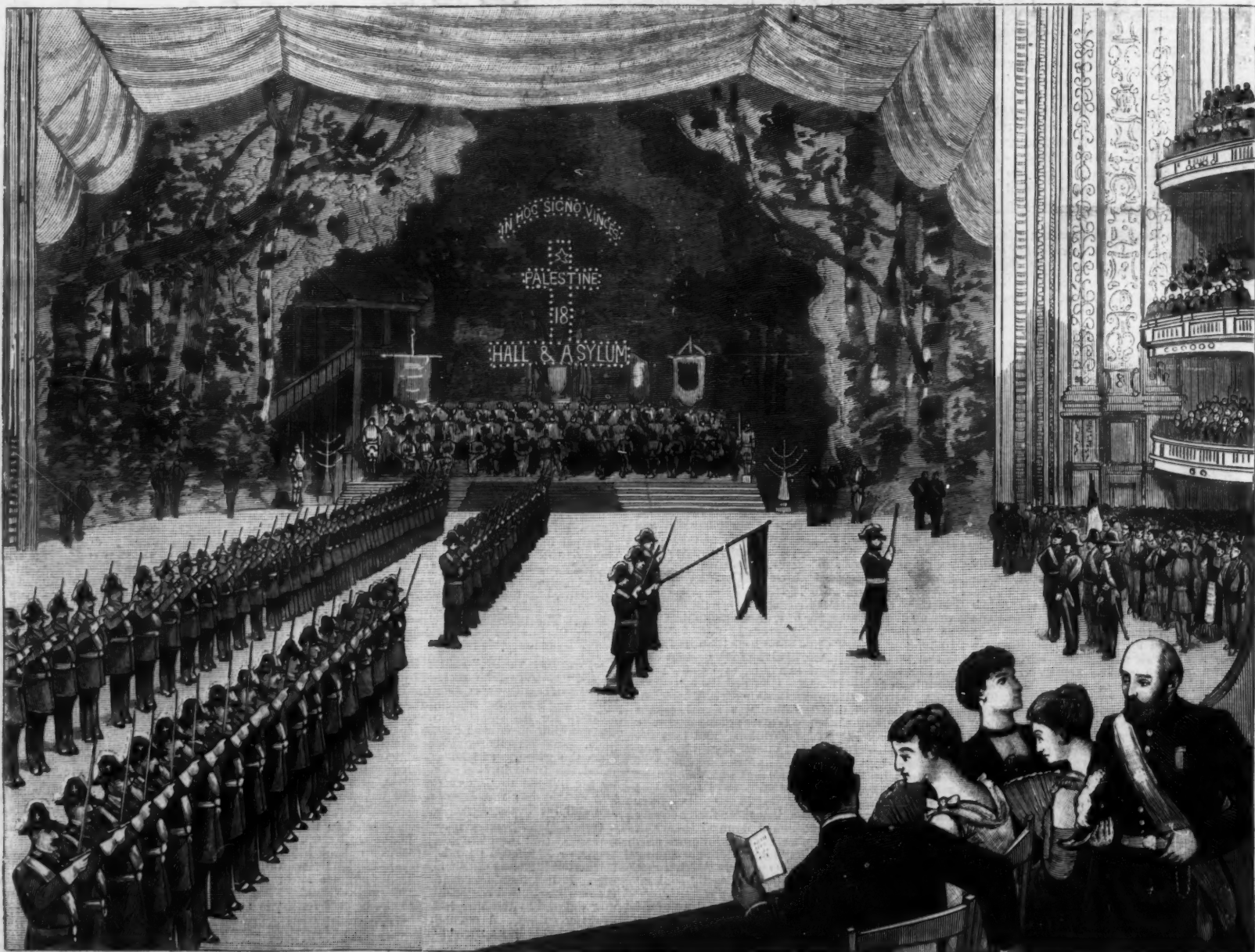
WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—VIEWS OF THE CITIES OF WALLA WALLA AND TACOMA.—FROM PHOTOS.

cent timber and mineral lands in that direction. A company in Walla Walla has surveyed a line to connect that town with the Northern Pacific at Ainsworth, the purpose being to get a line, independent of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, from the great wheat country to tide-water. This road, connecting with the Cascade Branch of the Northern Pacific, will furnish a short and direct line to the Puget Sound ports.

VALENTINES.

A factory in Brooklyn has during the past ten months turned out 15,000,000 comic and 5,000,000 sentimental valentines. With such advantages, practical jokers and lovers must have had plenty of material with which to work on Valentine's birthday. The many operations through which toy-books and valentines pass before they are ready to be delivered to the retailer are interesting. The first floor of the factory is occupied by papercutting and embossing machines. The paper on which valentines are printed is received from the manufacturer direct, and is not in a condition for use. It must be cut in pieces, 4 by 2½ feet, and on which are stamped sixteen comic valentines. After being cut, the paper is taken to the second floor and printed. Three hundred out of the 400 employees in the factory are women and girls. While the majority of the work is done by skilled labor, some departments are operated wholly by machinery.

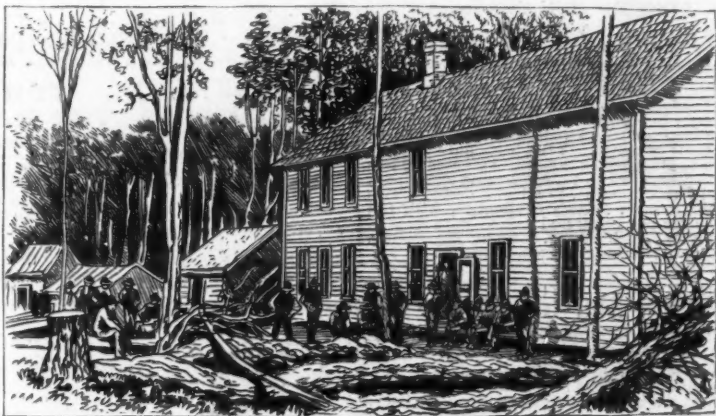
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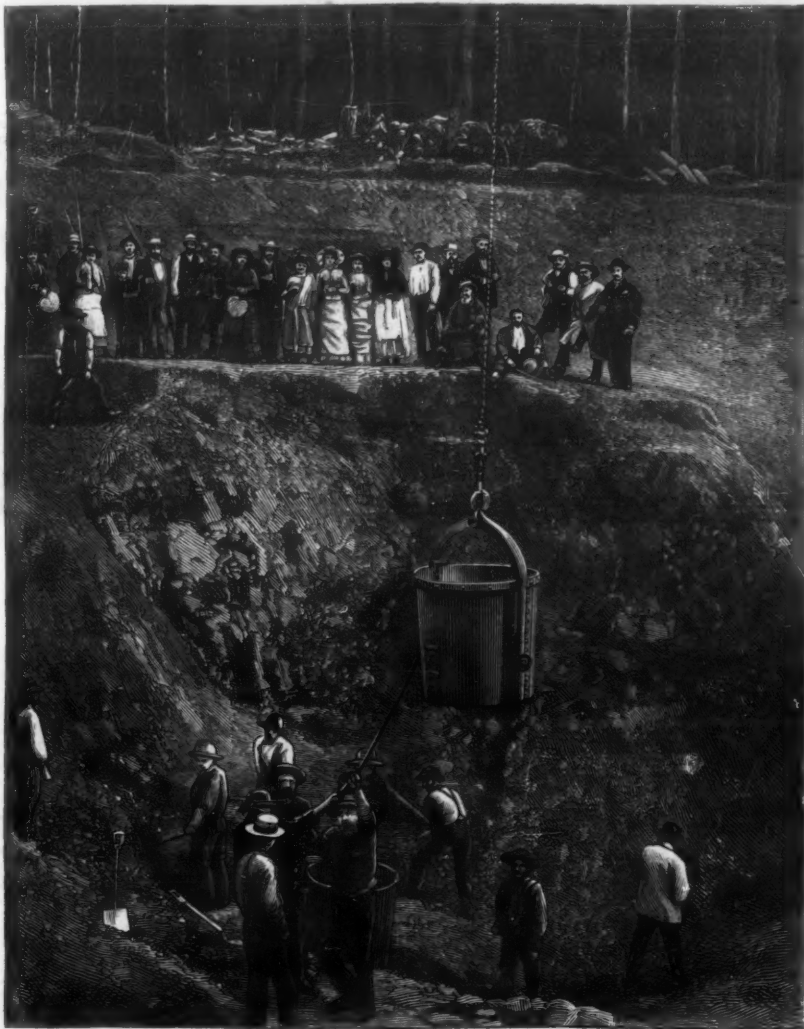
NEW YORK CITY.—THE NINTH ANNUAL RECEPTION OF PALESTINE COMMANDERY NO. 18, K. T., AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, FEBRUARY 8TH—BRILLIANT EXHIBITION DRILL.
SEE PAGE 7.



POCKET CARS RECEIVING ORE FROM STOCK.



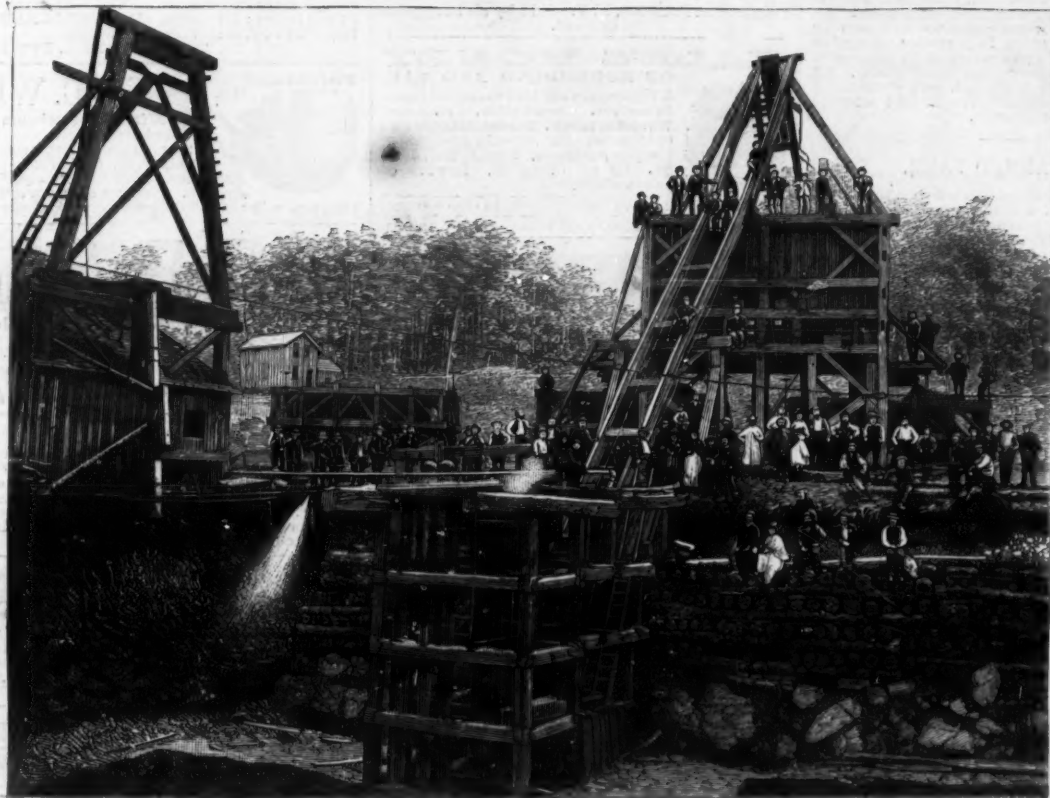
A MINING CAMP HOTEL.



WORKING BY "OPEN STRIPPING."



A MINING TOWN.



THE GREAT SKIP ROAD.



THE GREAT COLBY MINE.

SCENES IN THE GREAT GOGEBIC IRON RANGE IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOS. BY FRANK C. REED.—SEE PAGE 11.

floor half a dozen artists draw the pictures used in valentines and toy-books. After a drawing is made and photographed the negative is coated with a solution and exposed to the sun. The negative is again coated, this time with lithographic ink, stamped in a basin of water barely deep enough to cover it. The ink is washed off, except that part of the plate on which the drawing has been photographed. The negative is then ready for the etcher. The etching process is too well known to bear repeating here. After the drawing has been etched on a zinc plate it is ready for the press. The operation by which rough zinc is made smooth is interesting. The zinc is placed under movable emery papers which are changed half hourly. These papers vary from hard to soft. The constant friction of the emery wears away the zinc, so that in time it becomes as smooth as glass. Seven papers, differing in quality and thickness, are used in the operation.

THE MILLIONAIRES OF THE SENATE.

The millionaires of the United States Senate are said to be Brown, of Georgia; Camden, of West Virginia; Cameron, of Pennsylvania; Fair, of Nevada; Hale, of Maine; Mahone, of Virginia; Palmer, of Michigan; Payne, of Ohio; Sawyer, of Wisconsin; Sherman, of Ohio; and Stanford, of California. The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Record says: "Of these, Stanford is by far the richest. His wealth is largely 'in sight,' and may be safely put, I suppose, at \$20,000,000, chiefly made and chiefly kept in railroads and real estate. But Stanford cannot well be reckoned in the 'dangerous classes.' Next, I should say, stands Fair, of Fair, Flood, Mackey & O'Brien, whose wealth was and is largely speculative, but who is rated at about \$10,000,000 by well-informed men. Then comes old Joe Brown, of Georgia, with his railroads and his real estate and his coal mines, valued by the experts at \$5,000,000. Payne, of Ohio, with his real estate and coal oil; Cameron, of Pennsylvania; and Camden, of West Virginia, with their railroads and real estate, are millionaires."

"Palmer, of Michigan, and Sawyer, of Wisconsin, with their lumber and their real estate, come next, and then as the file closes I would rank Sherman, with his real estate; Mahone, with his speculative railway stocks; and Hale, with his wife's fortune in the rear. I do not feel sure that Mahone is entitled to a place in the list of millionaires, although he lives like one; but I feel sure that Jones, of Nevada, cannot read his title clear to a corner in this club in spite of the newspaper stories about his success in the recent speculations in the Comstock stocks. But grant for the time that Jones is a millionaire, that will give us just a round dozen in the Senate. Surely we can stand that."

LANTERNS IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago News writes: "The streets of a Chinese town are entirely unlighted, so every one moving about carries a lantern or a torch, and a lantern is hung up outside of every temple, house and shop. Consequently, there is an enormous trade done in lanterns of all sizes, from the huge balloons down to the tiny little things no bigger than oranges. They are made occasionally of glass, but usually of paper or silk, stretched on split bamboo and coated with varnish, and the family surnames, shop-sign, title of temple, etc., are always written with red paint on the body of the lantern. The more respectable the family or shop the more elaborate and solid the lantern, and the handsomer the inscription. Men of no respectability, gamblers, sharpers, and such like, find that this practice makes identification disagreeably easy, and get over the difficulty by carrying lanterns inscribed with such common surnames as Smith or Brown are with us (Wang, the equivalent of King, is their commonest surname), or they use mottoes which, being translated, would mean, 'As you like it,' 'Children and grandchildren innumerable,' and so on. Lantern-carrying has become such a habit in that country, that a Chinaman never dreams of leaving home at night without one, even in the brightest moonlight."

A NEW DIVERSION FOR ILLINOIS SOCIETY.

THE Chicago Herald says: "A new social fad among the good people of Tracy, Washington Heights and Morgan Park, charming suburbs of this city, is the donkey party. The giver of a donkey party provides the donkey by working one in worsted upon a white counterpane or cover, or in any other manner that suits her fancy. But however she does it, she must not forget the tail. The tail, always an important member of the donkey, is of double importance in a donkey party. The guests have assembled, and for a time indulged their curiosity as to what may be concealed behind the curtain at one side of the parlor, the mask is at length withdrawn and his donkeyship displayed. Then the fun begins. One after another of the merry-makers must submit to being blindfolded, and then take in his hand the donkey's detachable tail—a good imitation, made of cloth—and, walking towards the worsted figure, affix the tail with a little tack provided for the purpose as near as possible to the place nature provided for it. The contestants who place the tail nearest the proper place draw prizes, while those who hang it furthest away are presented by the master of ceremonies with elegant boobies."

LONDON'S VAIL OF FOG.

A LONDON correspondent of the Boston Herald writes of a London fog: "The air was so thick, one could chew it, and even a close cab could not keep away the deathly corkscrew-in-the-marrow chill. Warm and brightly lighted rooms and a good dinner soon put fog out of mind that night, but the subject was not to be ignored the following morning. I awoke, I suppose, at the usual hour, but finding everything in darkness, took it for granted that the sun was not up, and turned over for that blissful boon, the morning nap. Again I awoke, and again slept. Three times this arousing and dozing occurred, when somehow it appeared to me I had had sleep enough. I struck a vesta and looked at my watch. The hands pointed to 12:44. 'Confound it!' I soliloquized, 'this is the first time in years I have neglected to wind my watch, and I know I went to bed sober!' Grumbling at my stupidity, I lighted the gas, and, fumbling the key out of a very difficult-to-find pocket, went stumbling out into the next room to set the watch by the mantel clock. But clock and

watch agreed to a minute, and, further, an aural examination proved both to be ticking away as usual. Hurrying to the window, I 'pulled up the blind,' only to rub my eyes and stare in amazement. I couldn't see the opposite houses. I couldn't see so far as the curbstone. I couldn't see anything but a blackish-gray film outside the pane. Now, London windows are never clean exteriorly more than a couple of hours or so after washing, but I had never before been unable to see through one. Anathematizing the housemaid for neglecting her duties, I threw up the sash. A whiff of vapor drifted in, the smell of which equaled in malodorousness the fumes of a kerosene refinery. Choking and spluttering, I banged the window down, regardless of possible damage to the glass."

FUN.

THE debt of Canada is \$900,000,000. No wonder she finds it necessary to steal fish.

LADIES' bonnets are having an occasional night off at the theatres now.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A CROSS-EYED man will take a better view of a thing than the man will who has a bias in his mind.

MISS KATE VAUGHAN, the English actress, will soon undertake an American tour. Well, what is her scandal?—Albany Argus.

THE most popular player at masquerade balls is old Piper Heidsieck.—New York Journal. Some keep Mumm.—Sunday Magazine.

"WHY don't the city men remove the dry dirt from the yard often?" "Probably because Ash Wednesday only comes once a year."

MRS. CLEVELAND objects to uniformed policemen inside the White House. She evidently dislikes to have the attention of the waitresses distracted.

"MA, there's a hole in my rubber, and it's full of water." "Well, come here and let me cut another hole, so the water 'll run out." Who says a woman doesn't reason?

THE office-boy remarked to us that the city seemed to be less cooled every day, while the thermometer went lower. He has been discharged.—New Haven News.

It has been discovered that the ancient Romans had lead pipes. If they had pipe, then they had plumbers, and that accounts for their decline and fall.—Philadelphia Call.

A YOUNG gentleman wishes to know which is proper to say on laying a young lady friend after a late call. Good-night or Good-evening? Never tell a lie, young man; say Good-morning!—St. Paul Herald.

A BOSTON contemporary undertakes to say that the latest thing out is a nightkey. Now everybody who has "been there" knows that the nightkey invariably goes in before the chap who carries it.—St. Alban's Messenger.

"I HEAR your little boy is sick, Mrs. Hitormiss." "Dear me, yes; the charlotte russe broke out all over him, and if he hadn't worn the Injun beads as an omelet it would have culminated fatally, I fear."—Washington Post.

DR. BULL'S COUGH never fails to cure a cough or cold in a short time. Give it a fair trial. Mr. J. Thomas (of Thomas & Co., Real Estate Brokers), 57 Saratoga St., Baltimore, Md., indorses emphatically SALVATION OIL for neuralgia.

A LITERARY critic says of Browning: "He has been writing poetry for nearly half a century, and still lives." Poets should not presume upon this, however. They may not meet with such lenient people.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

HOARSENESS,

IRRITATION OF THE THROAT, AND COUGHS.

All suffering from these complaints will be agreeably surprised at the immediate relief afforded by "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

THE Grand Annual Masquerade Ball of the Arion Society will be held on Thursday, February 17th, at the Metropolitan Opera House. A feature of the ball will be a series of magnificent tableaux, arranged and designed by the most competent artists. Representations will be given of eminent musical composers and men famous in art and science, groups of mythological personages, Prince Carnival and suite, Arion, Bacchus, etc., with their numerous attendants, and a grand allegorical ballet. An exceedingly realistic representation will also be given of a market scene in Nuremberg, and a genuine Hungarian dance, executed by the entire ballet corps of the Metropolitan Opera House. All the arrangements are perfect, and everything indicates that the jolly Arions will add another to their many successful balls.

WELL-EARNED FAME.

TWENTY years ago, there located in the City of Buffalo a young and unknown doctor, who, unassisted by wealthy patronage or introduction, possessed but patience, honor, industry and skill as his stock in trade. Upon these four elements of character he has long since succeeded in rearing a giant and substantial enterprise—like a credit to the State and country, and a priceless boon of healing and relief to poor humanity. Dr. R. V. Pierce's World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of to-day stands out amongst the leading institutions of the age as a monumental example of what Integrity, Learning and Enterprise can accomplish.

In this far-famed institution Luxury and Skill go hand-in-hand. A corps of eighteen experienced and skillful physicians and surgeons guarantee the most careful, conscientious and successful treatment, while every mechanical appliance and facility for treatment that learning can develop and suffering humanity utilize, is at the service of the many patrons of this grand establishment.

EVIDENTLY BORN UNDER A LUCKY STAR.

LIGHTNING is said never to strike the same place twice, and while this may or may not be true of atmospheric electricity, it evidently is not true of the fickle goddess Fortune. There seems to be something in the oft-heard "Born under a lucky star," and while perhaps the number of those favored by luck is small and of those twice favored a great deal smaller, there are cases where the same person has twice in a comparatively short time been afforded tangible evidence that his natal day occurred with a lucky star overhead. Our readers will remember that in March, 1883, Mr. J. Alfred Shafer, proprietor of the book and stationery store on North Seventh Street, drew \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery. The money put him on a good financial footing, and an enlarged business place was a consequence. Mr. Shafer continued to flirt with coy Fortune, and on the 11th of last month drew one-tenth of the fourth capital prize of \$10,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, his number being 99,989.—Allentown (Pa.) Chronicle, February 6th.

A Fortune for You.

ALL is new; capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Wherever you live, you should at once write to HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine; they will send you, free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, earning thereby from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily, from the first start. Some have made over \$50 in a day. The best chance ever known by working people. Now is the time—delay not.

FRENCHMEN can properly be called "The Knights of the Table." They are good judges in all its refinements and delicacies. In order to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in good order, they give pre-eminence to ANGIOTON BITTERS. When you try them, be sure it is the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. LAWRENCE, 212 East 9th Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Truth and Gratitude.

In Plain, Simple Words I Purpose to Tell About an Important Event.

In the Autumn of 1884 I took a severe cold. Supposing I should soon recover from it, I gave it no serious attention—in fact neglected it, as so many do. But weeks passed by, and, instead of growing better, my symptoms became alarming, and I suffered from intense pain through the back, groin and kidneys. Thoroughly aroused and excited, I sent for a physician, who pronounced my case Gravel, remarking:

"Mr. Davis, your condition is very grave, and unless vigorous measures are immediately taken you cannot hold out much longer."

I replied: "In mercy's name, doctor, do all you can without an hour's delay." He undertook my case, and after some time elapsed was somewhat better; but I cannot truthfully say more than that. Two months later I was down again. The original symptoms all reappeared, if possible in a more painful and aggravated form. I was in great distress. The flow of urine was scanty and difficult; the kidneys and bladder seemed loaded, powerless and oppressed; and for the first time fears of a fatal termination troubled my mind.

It was in this crisis that a friend recommended Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I caught at the straw of hope, and began using that preparation, leaving off all other medicines. Shortly I experienced a decided improvement. The urinary and digestive organs were stimulated into activity, and after using only two bottles of the Remedy I considered myself completely cured, and since then there have been no signs of the return of my terrible trouble. To say that any particular medicine actually saved a man's life is a statement that ought always to be made with caution, but I deliberately affirm, without other reward or inducement than the hope of doing good, that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy did me that inestimable service.

JOHN DAVIES,

50 Cottage Street, Rochester, N. Y.

To other sufferers it is only necessary to say that Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is constantly working cures equally noteworthy in all cases of Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and all the Digestive and Urinary organs.

Prepared at Rondout, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1.

HALE'S HONEY

OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. Banishes Coughs and Colds where other remedies have failed. Keep in readiness. 3 sizes—25c., 50c., \$1. Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Pteris, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

Crosby's Vitalized Phosphites

THE BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD. Cures all Weaknesses and Nervous Derangements. Used by all Physicians. DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL, \$1. 56 WEST TWENTY-FIFTH ST., NEW YORK.



BABY'S SKIN & SCALP
CLEANSED
PURIFIED
AND BEAUTIFIED
BY
CUTICURA.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants, and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA Remedies are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great SKIN CURE, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, invariably succeed when all other remedies and the best physicians fail.

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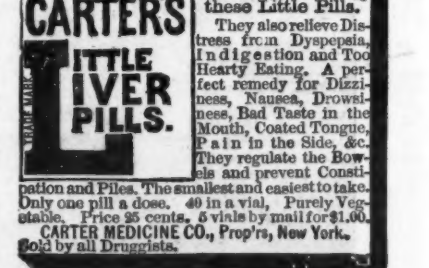


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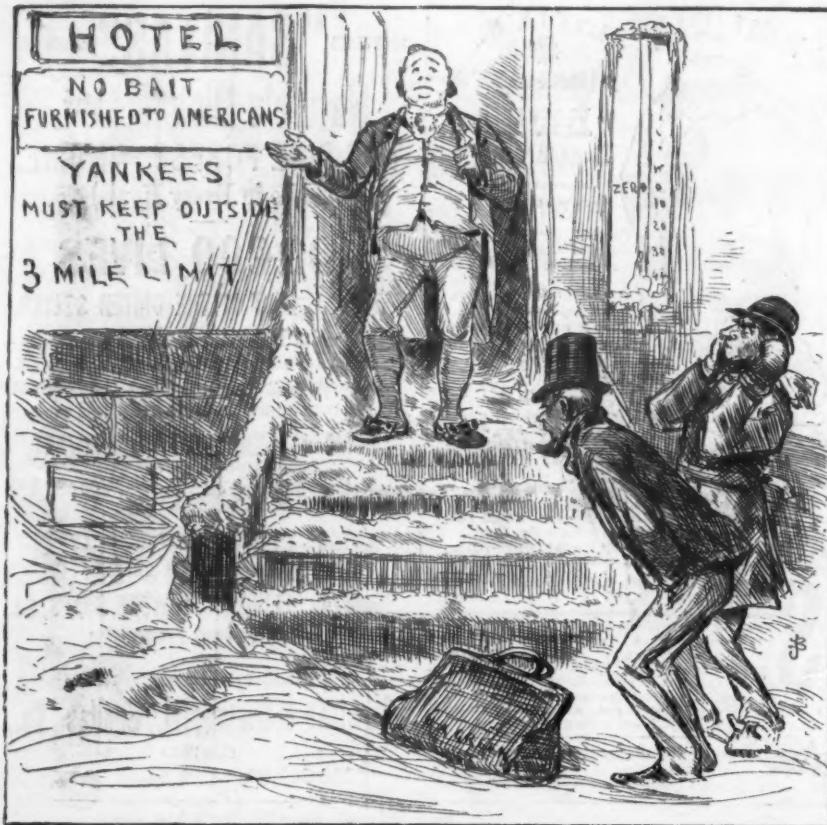
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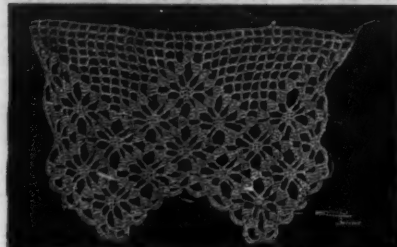
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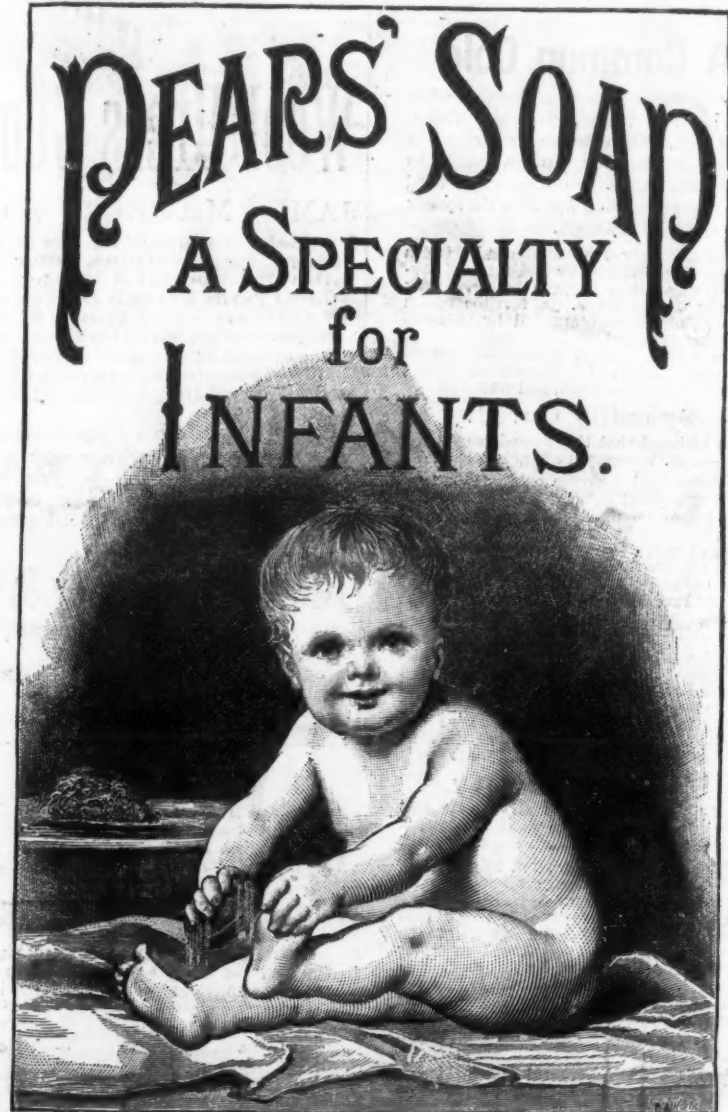
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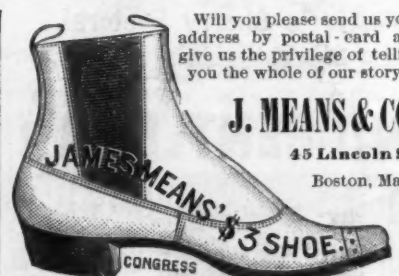
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